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ITALY, AUSTRIA, AND HUNGARY.

It is melancholy to read every now and then in the news from Italy that the hopeless guerrilla contest commenced some weeks ago in the province of Venetia is still going on; that the more enthusiastic, or, perhaps we should rather say, more foolhardy, of the Garibaldians are crossing the frontier from time to time to join the combatants already on the field of action; and that the "movement" has the full approbation of Garibaldi himself, who has actually written a letter urging Italian "patriots" to go to the assistance of their struggling countrymen. The hope of "the extreme party," otherwise "the party of action," is, not that the ill-equipped bands who are now fighting in Venetia will of themselves overcome the Austrians and liberate Venice, but that Italy in general will soon, in spite of itself, be forced to come to their assistance. This result may, they calculate, be brought about in more than one way. The Garibaldian bands may excite the same sort of enthusiasm that was caused by the exploits of Langiewicz and his followers in the early days of the Polish insurrection; and thus Italy may be impelled

by an ungovernable patriotic sentiment to declare war against Austria, as it was hoped, last year, by the Polish insurgents that France would be led by a sentiment of fraternity to declare war against Russia. Another chance for the Garibaldians—reckless gamblers as they are—is that the Austrians, in the pursuit of fugitives, or as a measure of retaliation, may violate the frontier of the Italian kingdom, and that a collision between Austrian and Italian troops may lead to a war between Austria and Italy. However, as neither the King of Italy nor the Emperor of Austria desire at the present moment to come to blows, the hazardous speculations of the extreme party among the Italians will probably be attended once more with failure. We do not precisely know how the Italians are to get either to Rome or to Venice; but we may be sure that they will never get possession of those cities by such means as Garibaldi tried when he was suddenly checked at Aspromonte, and which Garibaldi now recommends to the hare-brained "patriots" who would endanger the very existence of their country by engaging it in a premature conflict with Austria.

The extreme party in Italy loves to deceive itself as to the weakness and fragility of the Austrian empire, just as the extreme party among the Poles invariably under-estimates the power and resources of Russia. To the Italian insurgent Austria appears to be literally bankrupt, because her finances happen to be in a state of disorder; and we are asked how Austria can possibly carry on a war when she has not money enough to pay her troops. This is like supposing that a great landowner who has more debts than ready money must, for that reason, be unable to keep hounds or to give dinner parties. Austria is in the position of a ruined grand seigneur, but of a grand seigneur all the same; and she can continue to live in her style of ancient splendour for many a year to come. She is embarrassed, no doubt; but we fear the Italians would be still more embarrassed if, unaided by the French, they had to meet her magnificent army.

Another fallacy, cherished among all the disaffected races of the empire, is that Austria must be fundamentally weak because the governing power is in the hands of some eight million Germans, who alone are faithful beyond doubt, and in



THE CORNWALL PILCHARD FISHERY: INTERIOR OF A CURRIG-CELLAR.

a mass, to the reigning dynasty; while the number of subjects alien to the dynasty, and whose fidelity cannot be counted on, amounts to as many as twenty-seven millions. Now, if the most educated people in Hungary, Galicia, Venetia, and even Bohemia, were consulted, they would, as a rule, have many complaints to make against the Austrian Government, and would, perhaps, like to subvert it. But the uneducated masses in all parts of Austria, except, perhaps, in Hungary, among the peasants of Magyar race, are inclined to support the existing powers, and, in case of an appeal to force, could easily be induced to take an active part on behalf of a Government which presses very lightly upon them and throws the whole burden of taxation on the upper and middle classes. Moreover, Austria, whether liked or disliked, can at least recruit her army from every portion of her vast dominions; and the children of the Hungarian and Galician nobility, with all their detestation of Austrian tyranny, are as ready as ever, for the sake of rank, medals, and military distinction, to accept commissions in the Austrian service, which involves, of course, the execution of whatever orders they may receive from Austrian commanders. Did any one ever hear of a Hungarian or Polish officer refusing to fight against the Italians? Many of the very Poles who afterwards commanded detachments in the war of 1863 against Russia served with the Austrian army in 1859 in the war against Italy. Indeed, if the members of one nationality are not prepared to fight against the members of any other nationality ruled by Austria, it would be an evident absurdity for them to enter the Austrian army at all, since one of the chief duties of this army is to watch, and, if necessary, crush, insurgent movements in the provinces composing the Austrian empire.

The Italians, then, may possibly make a great mistake if they calculate, as the Italians of the extreme party appear to do, on Austria's being unable to contend freely with Italy by reason of disturbances taking place in other parts of the Austrian dominions besides Venetia. Somehow or other, it has generally happened that each disaffected portion of the Austrian empire has been left to fight its own battle with the central power, the other disaffected portions looking on as if the contest in no way concerned them.

There is one part of the Austrian empire, however, or, to speak more correctly, one country subject to the Austrian Crown, which, if it could not be sure to gain the victory in a war of independence, is, at least, sufficiently strong to make it a very important consideration with the Austrian Government not to urge it unnecessarily to engage in one. We mean, of course, Hungary, whose attitude of reserve and mistrust cannot fail to be remarked whenever the Austrian Reichsrath assembles. The position of Hungary remains now precisely what it was in 1861; indeed, precisely what it was in 1849, after the suppression of the Hungarian insurrection. The Hungarian Diet, called together in 1861, rejected the terms on which Hungary was invited to send deputies to the Reichsrath; and the Hungarians still refuse to be represented in a German Assembly, and still demand the re-establishment of their own national ministries, especially those of war and finance. At the present moment Hungary is governed as a conquered country; and the fact that it deliberately prefers this position to the more advantageous one offered to it by the Austrian Government, shows how deeply grounded are the Hungarian objections to Austrian constitutionalism. There is danger every year that Austria may try to compel Hungary to send representatives to Vienna, or that the more impatient men in Hungary may, on their side, commence an attack on Austria. Hungary has not her own army now, as in 1848; and Austria could not count now, as in 1849, on the aid of Russia. Probably the chances of success would, on the whole, be in favour of Austria; but the struggle would be a hazardous one; and if Austria were beaten, she would not merely lose a province, as in the case of Lombardy or of Venetia, but her existence as an empire would be at an end.

THE CORNWALL PILCHARD FISHERY.

THE pilchard fishery is now one of the most lucrative sources of profit to the inhabitants of the coast of Cornwall, where it is followed with great industry and enterprise. The season lasts from about the middle of August to the middle of November. The operation of "inclosing" the fish is carried on in the following manner:—About the time that the shoals of fish are expected to visit those shores, a man, who is termed a "huer," takes his stand on some point commanding a good view of the cove or bay. His duty is to "hue" or guide his comrades, through the medium of a speaking-trumpet and flags, to the spot where the shoal (or schule of fish, as the provincial term is) lies. These shoals, when far from the shore, are known by a rippling of the surface of the water; but when they get within reach of the nets, near the shore, another evidence of their presence is given, their great numbers shading the bottom and causing the sea to assume a reddish tint. The boats having reached their proper "berths" or stations, the signal is made by the huer to "shoot" (cast) the net, which is very large, the stop-net being about 400 yards long, and from 24 to 35 yards deep, the lower edge having a considerable quantity of lead weights at regular intervals for the whole length, so that the net may keep close to the sand below, while the upper edge is well buoyed by large quantities of cork. The men then proceed to row their boat around, casting over the net as they go, and as soon as possible the ends of the seine are brought together and attached, the fish now having a complete wall of net-work around them, from the sand below to the surface of the water. So far the working of both stop and hauling seines are the same; but from this stage they differ. The stop-seine is now warped into a safe corner of the bay, where the water is moderately shallow and the current of the tide not strong, and there, anchored with from ten to twenty grapnels, made fast to the head-ropes by small hawsers. The next operation is the shooting of the tuck-net inside of the large seine, which is drawn together so as to gradually contract the limits of a portion of the fish when a large catch, or the whole when not more than about 100 hogsheds. The tuck-net is then gradually gathered up until the fish are brought to the surface, and then two men with a large basket bale them out of the net into a boat. Incredible quantities are sometimes taken

by the stop-seines, instances having occurred in which 3000 hds., or about 7,500,000 fish, have been caught at once; but when a very large number are inclosed a limited quantity only is tacked daily; consequently it may be from twenty to thirty days before the sein has all the fish taken out. By this arrangement the process of salting is properly performed, whereas, if the whole had to be brought on shore at once, a small portion only could be cured.

The hauling-net, after it has been "shot" and the ends closed, is warped towards the shore, which the fishermen always endeavour to reach just as the tide commences to ebb. A little before the net reaches the shore the ends are opened, and a strong rope is attached to each end, by which the seine is hauled to the beach. As soon as the ends of the seine reach the shore the hauling ceases, and the ebbing tide slowly leaves the prize safely landed on the beach. The size of the hauling-seine is much less than that of the stop-seine, the length of each being about the same, while the depth of the former is not more than from 12 to 18 yards.

As soon as the fish are safe on terra firma the owners evince a great deal of energy in disposing of them, the portion sold for consumption fresh finding their way by the itinerant vendors into every town and village throughout the country; the other part is "bulked" (cured) in fish-cellars built for that purpose. The process of curing is as follows:—The fish are carried into the cellars, where women are employed in stowing them away. They first cover the paved floor next the wall with salt to a width of about 2 ft., and then a layer of fish, one thick, with their heads outward. This is repeated, fish and salt alternately, until the bulk reaches a height of about 4 ft., and at the top not more than 18 inches wide. Another foundation is then laid at the foot of the first bulk, and built in the same manner, but carried two or three feet higher, and so the work is continued until the whole cellar is filled to a height of 6 ft. to 7 ft. The fish remain in this state for about five weeks. They are then taken out, well washed, and carefully packed in barrels, and are then subjected to a process of pressing, by which means the oil is extracted, after which the barrels are closed and shipped to foreign markets—principally to the Continent, where they find a ready sale. It occasionally happens, that the quantity taken is so great that the sales fresh and the means of curing are insufficient to utilise the whole, consequently large quantities of fish are used for manuring purposes, and are highly valued by the practical farmers of the county. The pilchard fishery this season has been remarkably successful, no less than £30,000 worth having been caught off St. Ives alone. This, of course, has been a great boon to the fishermen, and a form of public thanksgiving will shortly be observed at several of the Cornish fishing-stations.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Amongst the flock of rumours that fly through the political atmosphere of Paris is one to the effect that the Venetian question is again to be brought under discussion—France, as alleged, being prepared with some proposition by which the interests of Austria and Italy may be reconciled, and both Powers induced to come to unanimity of view on the subject. Another report is that the Emperor is really determined to grant an extension of liberty, and that to carry it out M. Emile Ollivier will be offered a seat in a reformed Administration.

The Duke de Persigny, in a letter addressed to M. Emile de Girardin, recently expressed a desire to see some modification introduced into the French press laws. The remark did not perhaps come with a peculiar grace from the Duke de Persigny, whose administration was anything but remarkable for the liberality of its conduct towards the press. The *Constitutionnel* now states that the remark, whatever its value, has drawn down upon the Duke de Persigny something like a reproach from the Emperor. The latter is said to have expressed his regret that the ex-Minister should have made such an observation.

The French papers report further submissions of tribes in Algeria. General Yusuf is stated to have been particularly fortunate as regards such submissions in the district intrusted to his charge.

ITALY.

The Italian Chamber has passed the bill for the transfer of the capital to Florence by 317 votes against 70. During the course of the debate an amendment was moved in favour of Naples as the capital, but it was opposed, even by several Neapolitan members, and was finally withdrawn. In speaking against it, General La Marmora said he could affirm that the late King of Naples was now himself perfectly satisfied that he possessed no influence in the Neapolitan provinces. The General added that two steamers, which were lying at Civita Vecchia, and were the property of Francis II., had been lately offered to him for purchase. Some members urged on the Minister the importance of increasing the defences of the country, but General La Marmora appeared to be disinclined to encounter the expense of further armaments, and argued that Italy was now quite in a position to defend herself against any attack. The whole financial scheme of the Minister of Finance, Signor Sella, has been passed by a large majority in the Chamber of Deputies.

The patriotic cities and towns of Italy are nobly coming forward to the assistance of a Government in which the nation evidently feels that it may safely confide. The municipal bodies of Brescia, Milan, Naples, Caserta, Gaeta, Lodi, Leghorn, Ancona, Florence, Capua, Santa Maria, Capra Vetere, Sessa, Borgotaro, and Catania are announced to have all decided to advance to the Government the whole of the land-tax for 1865. The Syndic of Crema (Como) has offered to advance out of his own pocket the amount of tax corresponding to the commune which he administers. Such practical proofs of patriotism cannot fail to give pleasure to all friends of Italy, and to inspire the best hopes for the future.

La *Sentinella Bresciana* gives the following account of a conflict which took place on the 7th between the Friuli insurgents and Austrians:—

Friuli, 9th.—Tolazzi and his band descended from the mountains, where they had been for fifteen days; they pushed on towards Udine. Meeting an Austrian patrol with a commissario, an exchange of shots took place, which, while leaving our men unhurt, who returned to the mountains, mortally wounded the commissario and a gendarme, and slightly injured the other two and four soldiers. Austrian troops were immediately dispatched from Udine to overtake them. Mention was made of another band in the mountains to the east of Tolmezzo.

Il *Tempo di Trieste* gives, date Nov. 9, from Udine, the following more detailed particulars:—

Last Sunday we had the Garibaldians almost, we may say, at the gates of Udine, twelve miles off. They made their appearance in the villages of Magnano and Venzon, bringing with them the horses prepared for the Royal courier, with those belonging to private individuals. After regaling themselves they returned to the mountains, sending back the horses, giving drink-money to those who had been obliged to accompany them. Their appearance, their bearing, the chests of arms and ammunition by which they were followed, left no doubt of their being Garibaldians. Troops were immediately dispatched to the place. Other signals on the mountains above Cividale have been spoken of and more troops sent there. The conflict that took place above Spilimbergo, near Maniago, will appear more serious when it is known that, since yesterday evening, I have heard from one of the pursuers, who had again set out for the mountains, that the number of dead and wounded amounted to twenty-five.

PRUSSIA.

The semi-official journal of Berlin has an article intended to allay the apprehension of a disagreement between Prussia and Austria on the Schleswig-Holstein settlement. It is stated that Prussia is negotiating with Austria, and hopes to obtain her consent to the measures necessary to bring about a speedy withdrawal of the Federal troops from Holstein.

Herr von Bismarck has addressed a circular note, dated Nov. 16, to all Prussian Consuls, instructing them to treat all vessels belonging to the duchies which have passed into the possession of the great German Powers as Prussian vessels.

RUSSIA.

The Russian Government has issued a stern decree tending towards the total abolition of convents in Poland. All institutions of the kind which are supposed to have been implicated in the late insurrection are to be entirely suppressed, and the few not believed to be thus affected are to be placed under the strict supervision of the Government.

GREECE.

The King of the Greeks has addressed a message to the National Assembly thanking that body for having finished the preparation of the Constitution, but suggesting a revision of one of its articles. This message gave rise to a new squabble in the Chamber, the Opposition proposing a vote of censure on the Ministry for having published the document before reading it to the House. The House, however, declined, by a considerable majority, to pass the vote of censure.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

Our advices from New York are to the 12th inst.

Mr. Lincoln had been elected President, and Mr. Johnson, of Tennessee, Vice-President. Mr. Lincoln was said to have at the lowest estimate a numerical majority of 400,000 votes; a majority of 148 against 65 in the Electoral College, inclusive of Louisiana and Tennessee. The States of New York, New Jersey, Kentucky, and Missouri are believed to have given the Democrats a majority. General McClellan's majority in New York city was upwards of 38,000. McClellan had resigned his commission in the army, but it was said his resignation would not be accepted; but that, on the contrary, he would be offered an active command. This is not likely.

Mr. Lincoln was serenaded at Washington on the 10th, and made a speech, in which he declared the peaceable consummation of the recent elections in the midst of a great civil war proved the ability of a Republican Government to maintain its existence in a great emergency, and at the same time preserve the liberties of its people. Now that the elections are over he appealed to all parties to unite in a common effort to save the common country, and, while expressing his gratitude to Almighty God for directing the mind of the country to what he considered a right conclusion, he added that it afforded him no satisfaction to think any other man might have been disappointed by the result.

General Butler formally assumed the military command of New York on the 5th. He declared that he would not interfere with the elections unless the civil authorities failed to preserve the peace. He promised that every citizen should be protected in the right of suffrage by the whole power of the Government, and declared that the Federal armies were ministers of good, and not of evil, and the soldiers the safeguards of constitutional liberty. He threatened, at the same time, the punishment by the Federal Government, after the elections, of all who should be detected in offering fraudulent votes.

Mr. Fenton had been elected Governor of New York. The outrage committed at Bahia by the Wachusett seems to have pleased the people in the North; but it would be unfair to assume from this fact that the piratical atrocity will be confirmed by the Federal Government.

From the Canadian border we have again reports of "plots" and "privateers," with which let us hope no English subjects are connected. At Chicago citizens have been arrested—according to the Republicans, because they conspired to burn down the City and release the Confederate prisoners; according to the Democrats, because their arrest served as a convenient pretext for military interference at the poll.

WAR NEWS.

The military news is interesting and suggestive, but is to a great extent composed of mere speculation and rumour. Around Richmond there is still a dead-lock, although indications are not wanting that there will soon be more decisive fighting in that quarter. According to some accounts Lee's numerical strength has been considerably increased, and this would seem to be confirmed by another report, that he had made a rather brisk attempt upon Grant's left. However, the attack was repulsed, and the Confederate troops had to withdraw to their entrenchments.

From the Shenandoah district we only hear that Sheridan was near Winchester, somewhat straitened for supplies, and that he has been a good deal harassed by Confederate cavalry under Mosby and other leaders. Early still remained at Newmarket. It was stated that General Ewell had superseded Early, that the Confederates had been reinforced, and were attempting to flank Sheridan. They again threatened Pennsylvania and Maryland.

The Secession General Price's operations in Missouri, successful if intended simply as a diversion or a raid, have been a failure if they were an attempt at the conquest of the State; for, although we do not hear that he has been absolutely defeated in the field, he has found it necessary to retreat towards Arkansas; whilst Rosecranz and Pleasanton, abandoning the pursuit after some brief skirmishing with his rearguard, have quietly returned to St. Louis.

By far the most striking part of the war budget, and at the same time the most confused and perplexing, is that which relates to the campaign in Georgia and Tennessee. Hood's bold manoeuvre—by which he absolutely flung himself round into Sherman's rear—is reported to have stimulated the Northern leader into a movement equally daring and unconventional. The news on both sides is to be taken under all reserve. As regards Hood, indeed, what he has done seems tolerably clear. It appears that, after cutting Sherman's communications, he marched right away towards Tennessee, and crossed the Tennessee River. On the other hand, there is a report that Sherman had commenced what would, perhaps, be the boldest enterprise of the entire war. Allowing Hood to try his fortune in Tennessee, the Federal leader is actually said to have started, with the bulk of his army, on a grand march towards the Atlantic seaboard. Burning Atlanta, and destroying the railway behind him, he was to advance against Charleston or Savannah. Some accounts of successes gained by Forrest and the capture of a town called Johnsonville, on the Tennessee River, together with the Federal flotilla of gunboats, had been current, but were contradicted.

Lieutenant Cushing's gallant feat, the destruction of the *Albatross*, is confirmed; and the Confederates have been forced to abandon the important position of Plymouth, in North Carolina, by the approach of hostile gun-boats. The expedition against Wilmington was said to have been abandoned.

THE CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.—PRESIDENT DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

The Confederate Congress had re-assembled. The message of President Davis was defiant in tone. He favourably reviews the military, financial, and material situation of the country. Foreign relations are unchanged. President Davis considers the absence of recognition by European nations as remarkable, since the French and English Governments had long since expressed their conviction that the United States were unable to conquer the Confederacy. Two years since the French Government announced to the London and St. Petersburg Cabinets its conclusion that the United States were unable to achieve a decisive military success, and the replies of England and Russia intimated no contrary opinion. Neutrals, he said, sought to palliate the wrong of non-recognition by professing to consider that recognition would be valueless without further intervention.

The South disclaims any desire for intervention, and mistrusts its advantages. It seeks no favour and wishes no intervention. It knows itself competent to maintain its rights and independence. England in 1862 refused recognition on the ground that any action of the British Government would inflame the passions of the belligerents and prevent the return of peace. Experience (continued President Davis) shows this opinion to be erroneous, as the result is the reverse of what the British Ministry humanely desired. A contrary policy, just to the South, is still within the power of the British Government, and would produce consequences the opposite of those which have followed its course since the commencement of the war. Peace was impossible

without independence. It was not to be expected that the North would anticipate the neutral Powers in the recognition of the independence of the South. History would be unable, for those reasons, to absolve the European nations from a share in the moral responsibility for the unnecessary lives that had been sacrificed during the war. The Government adequately provides for a foreign loan, if only rated 6d. in the pound. President Davis recommends the Government to purchase the slaves it employs, engaging to give them freedom at the termination of their service, rather than impressment for a short period. He also suggests that the number of slaves employed by the Government be increased to 40,000, and employed as engineers, labourers, and pioneers. This number, by preparatory training, will form a more valuable reserve in case of emergency than a larger number suddenly called from field labour. Beyond this limit and these employments it does not seem desirable to go. The President disapproves of a general levy and arming of the slaves; but, should the alternative be presented of subjugation or the employment of slaves as soldiers, no doubt exists what would then be his decision. The South was willing to negotiate for a peaceful solution, but the Federal Government expressed its determination to make no peace except on terms of Southern submission and degradation, leaving no hope of the cessation of hostilities until the Northern delusion of ability to conquer the South is dispelled.

A bill had been introduced, enlisting all white men between eighteen and forty-five, and revoking all exemptions.

MR. SEWARD AT AUBURN.

On the night before the presidential election, Mr. Seward addressed an assembly of his fellow-townsmen at Auburn, New York; and, in reference to the policy of the Republican and Democratic parties, said:—

The Government will not abandon the conflict until the majority of the people decide that it shall be abandoned (Applause, and cries of "That will never be"). On the other hand, the enemy will abandon their rebellion just so soon as they shall have the undoubted assurance that it cannot prevail (Cheers). They will do so for two reasons—first, no faction can indefinitely continue a struggle that is hopeless; secondly, because they give up no national life, but they, as well as we, save their own national existence by their defeat and overthrow (cries of "That's so"), and a better national existence than in their maddest hours of delusion they have ever conceived as the result of their unlawful enterprise (Cheers). Suppose, then, that the people, as we all agree they will, support the Administration by their suffrage to-morrow. The rebels, then, have the assurance of the American people, made upon a full rehearsing of the merits of the controversy, upon appeal, and a full examination of results thus far obtained, with the relative forces of the parties yet remaining in reserve, that the conflict is not to be abandoned on our part (Tremendous cheers). In all our athletic games, three times success in five trials gives the victory—two decisions following each other are equal to three in five. You have already abundant evidences of the exhaustion of the rebels, but not yet evidence of their consciousness of that exhaustion. Those evidences will appear immediately on the announcement of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln (Cheers). You would have had those evidences earlier if you had rendered this verdict sooner. You will have them all the sooner after the verdict in proportion to the unanimity and determination with which it is spoken (Loud cheers). The messengers who come hither from the rebel regions will be different from those who are now lingering and loitering on the Canada shores to aid the execution of the plot conceived against you at Chicago (Cheers). The messengers who come will come, not as those last mentioned, with commissions addressed to the pusillanimous and factious minority of the North, but they will come addressed to Abraham Lincoln, the honoured father of the American nation (Great applause, and "Three cheers for 'Old Abe'"). Their message will not be conceived in the insolent words, "Your war for the Union has failed; desist from arms, and give us, through negotiation, separate independence." But it will be, "Father Abraham, we have sinned before God and against our brethren. We repent our error; we disavow and offer up the traitors who have led us into crime. Extend your protection over us, and give us once more peace and communion with you at our altars and our firesides." (Prolonged and vehement cheers.) "This is the way in which I think the war is to end. I know that in that way it will end soon. I know it because few civil wars in which a strong Government and people defend themselves with unanimity last so long as four years; and it is certain that we are three years and a half nearer the end of this conflict, if so maintained, than we were when we began (Cheers). Now, let us take the other view. Suppose we seek peace under the Council of Chicago—whether according to the naked and detestable text of the resolutions, or as evasively interpreted and glossed by the candidate who stands upon that platform (Laughter, and cries of "It's too shaky. He can't stand on it"). It is to seek peace by conciliating the rebels, and substituting diplomacy, or the arts of statesmanship, for the vigour of war (A Voice—"Little Mac for Grant!" and laughter). Adopt that policy, and distraction instantly seizes the North—courage and new resolution inspire the South; your soldiers, betrayed at home, either fall in despair in their trenches, or, what would be worse, recoil before the enemy advancing upon Washington and Cincinnati. Those persons are mistaken who say that Davis would not negotiate and that he would not grant us an armistice. He would grant us both at once, and grant them, too, with a view to an "ultimate convention." He can afford to be very accommodating to a cowardly antagonist. He can afford to temporise as long as you please; but, like any other belligerent, he will grant you armistice and negotiation for his own advantage, not for yours; and he will negotiate not for Union but for dissolution. I do not argue this point. Any candid, thoughtful man, of whatever party, must admit that this view of what the rebels will do is possible. Most persons will concede that it is eminently probable. When negotiation and all the arts of statesmanship are exhausted, the navy would be scattered, withdrawn from the blockade, and the armies dispersed in their homes, the treasury empty, the national credit sunk, France and Great Britain will have recognised the rebels, and even our steadfast friend the Emperor of Russia (Cheers), together with the Sultan of Turkey, the Pacha of Egypt, and the Emperor of China, will have given over with pain and mortification the friendly nation that in a pusillanimous hour delivered itself to self-destruction (Cheers). Fellow-citizens, you are all free and independent as I am, and you may and must decide the question for yourselves. I cannot decide it for you, nor shall you decide it for me. I am not going to surrender to the rebels (Cheers). No! though they extend the desolation of civil war over the whole land, though they come backed in their unholy quarrel by one or many foreign States, I am not going to surrender now. Therefore I want no armistice, no cessation of hostilities, no negotiation with rebels in arms (Cheers). However it may be with others, "I looked before I leaped" (Cheers). If I could have been ready to surrender now I should have proposed surrender at the beginning. I should have accepted terms without waiting for Bull Run—certainly after Bull Run. I would have availed myself of the first gleam of victory to secure terms as little humiliating as possible. I should have negotiated after the capture of New Orleans, after Murfreesboro', after Norfolk, after Antietam, after Vicksburg, after Gettysburg; I would have gone, under the pressure of national affliction, and made every defeat a claim to rebel sympathy and clemency. After the first Bull Run battle, after the second Bull Run battle, after Gaines's Mill, after Fredericksburg, after Chancellorsville, after the defeat of Banks on the Red River, I am not going to surrender, now nor never (Loud cheers). As for the arts of statesmanship, I know of none applicable in this case. The only art of statesmanship that I do know is to be faithful to God and to my country (Applause). I seek to cultivate charity and prevent war, civil or foreign, as long as consistent with national justice and honour and safety it can be prevented; but, when in war, to fight with courage, constancy, and resolution, and thus to save my country or fall with its defenders (Tremendous cheers). The battle thus waged in this case cannot fail. Even if it could fail, the field which was lost would for ever be a holy sepulchre, which would send up through all coming time inspiration to reanimate and cheer on the friends of progress, of liberty, of humanity (Applause).

THE CAPTURE OF THE FLORIDA.

IMMEDIATELY on the receipt at Rio de Janeiro of the news of the capture of the Florida the Brazilian Government addressed a note to Mr. Webb, the United States Minister at that Court, and this note, together with Mr. Webb's answer, are published in the *Diário Oficial*. In his reply, dated Oct. 14, to the note of the Brazilian Government Mr. Webb vigorously repels from his Government and himself all suspicion of complicity, directly or indirectly, with the act of the Captain of the Wachusett, which was not, he states, authorised by any orders or instructions given to that officer. He accepts the statement made in the note of the Brazilian Government as exact in every part, reserving to himself the right of making subsequent corrections of it. The Government of the United States has always directed him, he continues, to express his confidence in and friendship for Brazil, for many reasons (which he narrates), besides the fact that the United States and Brazil are the two principal Governments of the American continent. With these sentiments, Mr. Webb says, he has learnt with deep regret that a commander of an American ship of war, without instructions or authority, has taken on himself the respon-

sibility of capturing a rebel cruiser in the port of Bahia, and finds himself able to assure the Imperial Government that every reparation will be offered to it that honour and justice require, more promptly and frankly than if the same act had been perpetrated in a harbour of the most powerful maritime nation of the world. This reparation will, however, be given under protest, as the United States Government denies the right of giving the character of belligerents to those who are in rebellion against the legal Government of the United States. But the United States Government, desirous of consolidating its friendship with Brazil, will not, Mr. Webb adds, allow that consideration or the violence which was inspired by the insult to Brazilian honour at Bahia to interrupt the alliance between the two States.

Mr. Webb, in the course of his despatch, enters into a long argument to the effect that the Confederates should not have been recognised as belligerents, but excuses Brazil and other neutral Governments on the ground that they had followed the example of England, whose object in doing so is stated by Mr. Webb as follows:—

Beyond all peradventure, the object of Great Britain in recognising as belligerents those in rebellion against the Government of the United States, was, if we take her leading press and the speeches of many of her statesmen in and out of Parliament as exponents of her purpose, to accomplish by indirect means what she did not deem it prudent to attempt by a more manly course. She had just as much right to declare our Government destroyed and the Union broken up by a recognition of the sovereignty and independence of our rebels within two weeks after hearing of the rebellion as she had to give them by proclamation the rights of belligerents. But she wanted the manhood to do this in the face of Europe, and the just indignation which she would thereby have brought upon herself; and she, therefore, in the exercise of her discretion, resorted to a measure which she well knew was a casus belli, but which she foresaw we were not in a position to treat as such; and the consequence of which she had a right to suppose, as did our rebels, would eventually be a disruption of the great American Republic.

Mr. Webb also says, in disavowing the act of the Wachusett:—

It was neither ordered nor authorised by the Government of the United States or the undersigned; and it will be to his Government, as it is to the undersigned, a source of very sincere regret that, if such an event must of necessity have occurred, it did not take place in the waters of the Power which, fifteen days after hearing of the rebellion in the United States, joyfully and hopefully proclaimed our rebels a "belligerent" Power—an act which her press and people and our rebellious States looked upon as certain to bring on our country all, and more than all, the evils actually inflicted, by adding to them the dissolution of the American Union.

The Brazilian Government has ordered courts of investigation on the conduct of the officers of its ships and forts in the Bay of Bahia on the occasion of this outrage. Full instructions have, it is understood, been addressed by the Brazilian Government to its Chargé d'Affaires at Washington to require satisfaction and redress for the capture of the Florida.

THE LATE OPERATIONS IN JAPAN.

The publication of Admiral Kuper's official despatches has supplied full particulars of the late operations of the combined British, French, and Dutch fleets in Japan.

The operations were rather more lengthened than had been reported, commencing on the 5th of September, and not being thoroughly completed until the 10th. The Inland Sea, of which we have now obtained the free navigation, is entered on the west by the Strait of Simosaki; on the east it is closed in by an inland, on the north and south of which, however, it is entered by two channels. The fleet forced the passage of the strait from the east, entering the Inland Sea by the south-east channel. It assembled on the 4th of September at the island of Hime-Sima, within the seas, the appointed rendezvous, and consisted of nine English vessels, three French ships carrying between them forty-nine guns, four Dutch vessels carrying fifty-eight guns, and one chartered steamship belonging to the United States, carrying one gun. On the morning of the 4th they left the anchorage of Hime-Sima, and arrived in the afternoon before the entrance to the strait, but anchored that evening out of range of the batteries. On the 5th the state of the tide did not allow of their commencing the engagement until two o'clock in the afternoon; but at that hour the fleet went into action in two principal divisions, one engaging the batteries in front, and the other, the light division, preparing to take them in flank. As soon as the ships opened fire, it was returned and kept up with much spirit from the Japanese batteries; but, at about half-past four, the fire from two batteries slackened, and soon ceased entirely, and by half-past five three other batteries were also silenced. It was then too late to land the storming-parties that evening; but, before the Admiral's orders could be known, a small detachment of English and Dutch had landed and succeeded in spiking nearly all the guns in one of the silenced batteries. On the 6th the Japanese recommenced the engagement by firing with some effect upon the advanced squadron. Their first shot killed two persons and wounded several others on board one of the French vessels, and on her retiring to her former position the Tartar "was instantly and repeatedly struck by the fire from the fort;" but, on the squadron returning the fire, the battery was soon silenced, and only straggling shots were fired afterwards. At this point all was ready for disembarkation, and the small-arm companies of the Euryalus and Conqueror, under Captain Alexander; and the Marines, under Lieutenant-Colonel Suther; together with 350 French and 200 Dutch seamen and marines, soon succeeded in landing without any accident. They at once, under Admiral Kuper's personal directions, assailed all the principal batteries and met with only a trifling opposition. They succeeded in dismounting and spiking all the guns, burning the carriages and platforms, and blowing up the magazines. This was accomplished by four o'clock, and at that hour the force was ordered to re-embark, as the rugged and impenetrable nature of the country would have made it dangerous to leave any post on shore for the night. An unfortunate delay, however, in consequence of one of the ships having grounded, was the cause of the principal loss during the whole engagement. The Japanese seem to have retreated from their batteries to the woods and hills behind, and, having posted themselves at the head of a valley, had considerably annoyed the body of men under Captain Alexander's orders by firing into their flank as they marched along the batteries. Captain Alexander, therefore, determined to dislodge them from this position, which was protected by a moat, an eight-foot wall, and a palisade. Accordingly, supported by the marines, he charged rapidly up the valley. The Japanese stood to their post until the force was within fifty yards of them, but then they threw down their arms and fled in confusion. They maintained, however, a very hot and dangerous fire upon the advancing troops, and half our whole loss was incurred in this charge—viz., seven killed and twenty-six wounded, our whole loss being fifteen killed and fifty wounded. After this, however, the whole force re-embarked, leaving in our hands, as the result of the day's action, eight batteries out of the ten which the Prince had erected, the other two lying round a point of land. On the following day, the 7th, working parties landed for the purpose of embarking the guns already captured, and towards the afternoon an advanced squadron rounded the point referred to in order to attack the remaining two batteries. On the 8th fire was opened upon these, but it was not returned, either from the Japanese being already convinced of the uselessness of resistance or in consequence of a shell exploding one of their magazines. A force was therefore landed to destroy the batteries and embark the guns, and no further resistance was offered. By the evening of the 10th sixty-two pieces of ordnance of various sizes were embarked in the fleet; and every part, therefore, of the Prince of Chosiu's preparations was either destroyed or removed. Since then the Admiral satisfied himself by personal examination of the entire strait that no batteries remain in existence on the Prince's territory.

On the 8th, while the demolition of the batteries and the embarkation of the guns were in progress, an envoy appeared on the flag-ship, producing written documents promising, on behalf of the Prince of Chosiu, that no opposition should henceforth be offered to the free passage of the strait. It was thought proper, however, to insist on a requisition for peace under the Prince's own hand, and

after a delay of two days this was obtained. The terms of peace have been already laid before our readers, and they fall in with what Sir A. Kuper calls "the very satisfactory character and the humble tone" of the Prince's communication. The Admiral confirms the report that the Prince claimed the direct authority of the Mikado and the Tycoon for his recent acts of hostility. The Envoy produced, we are told, written communications to establish this statement. If this be the case, it may considerably add to the importance of our victory, which will then be a direct blow at the central Government and not merely the local chastisement of an irresponsible potentate. The Admiral himself thinks he has "reasonable grounds for the presumption that, apart from the brilliant success, in a military point of view, and the great extent of the injury inflicted on the Prince of Chosiu, his power and prestige, advantages of an important nature in a political sense may very possibly result from the presence of the allied squadron in this strait."

THE VICEROY OF INDIA AT LAHORE.

On the 18th of October Sir John Lawrence, Viceroy of India, held a grand Durbar at Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, which was attended by 600 of the most important of the native chiefs and a vast concourse of those gallant Sikhs who fought against us at Sohraon and Chillianwallah, and with us in the siege of Delhi after the mutiny, and who are now the warmest friends of British rule in India. Sir John Lawrence was received in the most friendly manner, and addressed to the assembled natives a speech in which he congratulated them upon the prosperous condition of their country, and reminded them of the work they and he had performed in concert during the dark days of 1857-8. The Viceroy's address gave the greatest satisfaction. The *Lahore Chronicle* gives the following account of the spectacle presented at the Durbar:—

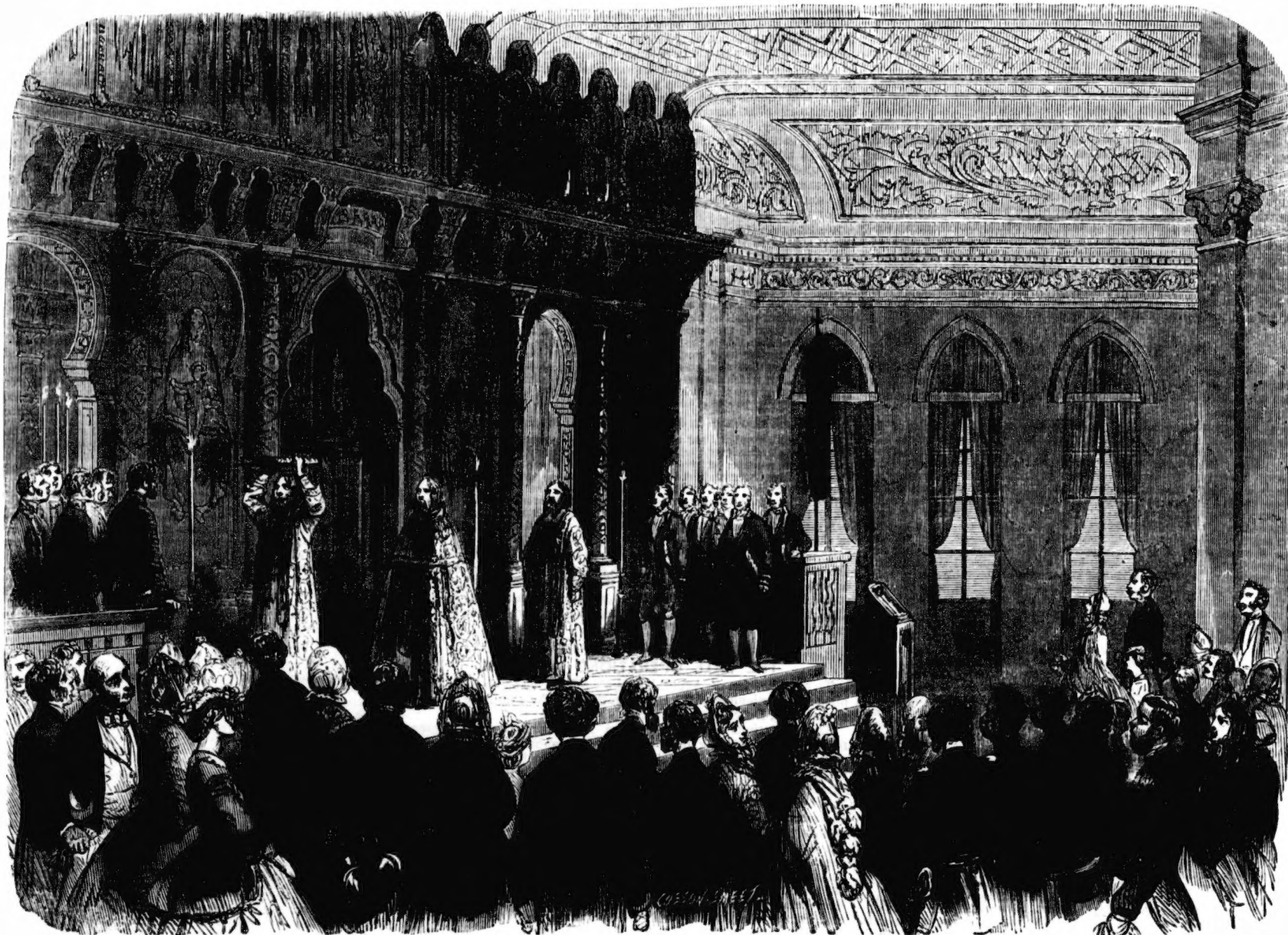
To the north of Lahore, between the walls of the fort and the branch of the Ravee which flows by the city, stretches a level plain, green with close English-looking turf, and studded here and there with clumps of dark-leaved trees. Here the tents for the Durbar of the Viceroy had been pitched. It would have been difficult to have found a more picturesque or impressive spot for a great spectacle. On one side is the Badami Gardens, once almost the most beautiful for its size, in Upper India; and still, though neglected, and half deserted, filled with rare trees and shrubs. To the south of the plain stretches the city of Lahore. Here is the Padshah Masjid, with its three white marble domes and four tall minarets; the Fort, which has resisted more than one assault; the Saman Burj, where resided Runjeet Singh and his successors; the Rohmai gate, where Prince Nao Vilal Singh was killed by the fall of the parapet, and where Rajah Dheyan Singh was murdered; and the tomb of Maharajah Runjeet Singh himself. Nor is the plain without its history. Here, a hundred years ago, the army of Ahmed Shah Durani lay encamped; here Runjeet Singh used to review his army, and, seated on this highest roof of the Shish Mahal, with the young Rajah Hira Singh, first cousin of the present Maharajah of Cashmere, seated beside him, and Auri Sing Malwa, Fakir Azizuddin, Jamadar Kushal Singh, Rajah Dheyan Singh, and other courtiers standing around, used to direct their manoeuvres and criticise the drill and bearing of the troops. But never, in the past history of the Punjab, has there been so vast a gathering of the chivalry of the country on this plain as was yesterday assembled there to pay their homage to Sir John Lawrence. Maharajah Runjeet Singh never held Durbar for his whole kingdom, and even had he done so, the chiefs of the Cis-Sutlej and Delhi were not under his authority, and the chiefs of Peshawar and the Derajat might have been summoned many a time by any Sikh, before they would have cared to answer. Lords Dalhousie and Canning held durbars at Lahore for the neighbouring chiefs; but at Amballa, Peshawar, and Dera Ismael Khan, they received the chiefs of those districts. But on the present occasion from every part of the Punjab territory, rajahs, chiefs, maliks, and sirdars had been summoned to Lahore, and they all, with very few exceptions, came, some who were infirm and ill, some who were so poor that they had to mortgage their lands and houses to procure the *nacir* for presentation; but all came, for they wished once more to see the great Viceroy whose name is feared and loved throughout Hindostan. The hour fixed for the durbars was nine a.m., and two hours before that time many of the smaller chiefs arrived and took their assigned seats. The chairs had been arranged in the larger tent in the form of an ellipse; the throne of the Viceroy on a raised platform, spread with cloth of gold and covered with a canopy of gold and crimson, was at the extreme end. About 8.30 the independent chiefs and rajahs began to arrive. First came the Rajah of Jheend, dressed in white, brilliant with diamonds and emeralds, with a yellow turban and green pajamas. Then Mandi, smallest of rajahs, in red and green, with a red-orange turban. The third to arrive was Maler Kotla, tall and corpulent, in black and gold, with a green turban; and, fourth, the Rajah of Faridkot, dressed like a true Khalsa chief, in yellow. The Rajah of Kapurthala, who arrived fifth, was perhaps dressed with better taste than any chief in Durbar—in white, with blue pajamas, and the insignia and blue ribbon of the Star of India. Then came the Maharajah of Patiala, most superbly dressed, with emeralds and pearls which almost hid his dress of rich lavender silk. Last of all arrived the Maharajah of Jammu, with his son and heir. They were dressed much alike, in white, with yellow and red turbans, diamond and emeralds. The Maharajah also wore the insignia of the Star of India, of which order he is Knight. All these Rajahs were conducted to their seats by officers specially appointed for the duty.

And now that all have taken their seats and are waiting the arrival of the Viceroy, let us look round the vast assembly and mention some of those the best known to fame, or best worthy of mention for their bravery, their loyalty, or their long descent. For here, met together for the first time in the history of the Punjab, are the Rajpoot chiefs of the hills, the Sikh nobles, and the wild Pathans of the north-west border. Here is all that the province has to show of manly strength and beauty, of courage, and wisdom, and devotion to the State; and, perhaps, in no country in the world could so fine a body of men have been called together. Here is the Jat of the Manja, large of frame, ready to cultivate his little field or to buckle on his sword and go forth to fight the battles of the Khalsa. He is not so clever as some here, but he is genial, affectionate, and manly, and his characteristics remind those who know him best of John Bull himself. And here is the Derajat Malik, washed and clothed, and in his right mind; not always, in his own hills, savoury or pleasant to eye or nose; mixed up in numberless hereditary feuds, careless of the life of himself and others, and never so happy as when engaged in a raid on the mountain side; but stanch, hospitable, splendidly reckless, gloriously brave. Oh, young subalterns, passing college in Calcutta, drinking your sodawater, and sending the country and the natives to the devil, come and see what manner of men these are! Here are thew and sinews, bone and muscle; these are men whom it is most unsafe to kick or to abuse; these are men by whom you will best honour yourself, and whom you may call friends and brothers without disgrace. For here are the men who fought against us at Sohraon and Chillianwallah, and with whom but the other day we recovered Hindostan; who, when led by such men as Probyn and Fane, will ride forward to the death against any army in the world, without one look or thought behind.

The *Chronicle* then enumerates a number of chiefs, including the Rajah Randhir Singh of Kupoorthulla, the new Knight of the Star of India, than whom no man in the country could better have deserved the honour, for he, during the dark days of the mutiny, when so many were hesitating or hostile, joined us heart and soul, and with 2000 men marched down to Oude, where he fought bravely during the campaign.

HIGH JINKS.—At Alderley Earl Russell planted a Spanish chestnut to commemorate his son's marriage. Throughout the festivities he was the merriest of the merry. At the dance in the evening the family and guests joined very heartily. Even Earl Russell, oblivious of the cares of State, led a buxom Cheshire lass down a long country dance, and on arriving at the bottom of the room evinced signs of exhaustion, when one of his friends went up to the noble Lord, and, tapping him on his shoulder, advised his Lordship "to rest, and be thankful!" The venerable peer enjoyed the well-timed joke, and joined in the laugh it excited.

THE BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN CONFEDERATION.—The greatest unanimity and enthusiasm prevail in British America on the subject of the proposed Confederation. Banquets have been given to the members of the late Conference in various towns, at all of which the project was received with favour. The Canadian papers publish a draught of the proposed Federal Constitution, of which the following are the principal features:—The Federal Government and Parliament are to be formed, as far as circumstances may permit, on the model of the British Constitution. The general Parliament is to consist of a Legislative Council and a House of Commons. The councillors are to be named for life by the Crown, under the great seal of the General Government. The representation in the House of Commons will have for its basis the population, determined by the official Census taken every ten years. The number at present to be:—For Upper Canada, 82; Lower Canada, 65; Nova Scotia, 19; New Brunswick, 15; Newfoundland, 8; Prince Edward Island, 5. The duration of the parliamentary session is to be five years, unless previously dissolved by the Governor-General. There is never to be a greater lapse than one year between the end of one federal session and another. The General Government is to assume all the debts and obligations of the different provinces. The General Government is to cause to be completed without delay the intercolonial railway between River Du Loup and Truro, in Nova Scotia, making it pass through New Brunswick.



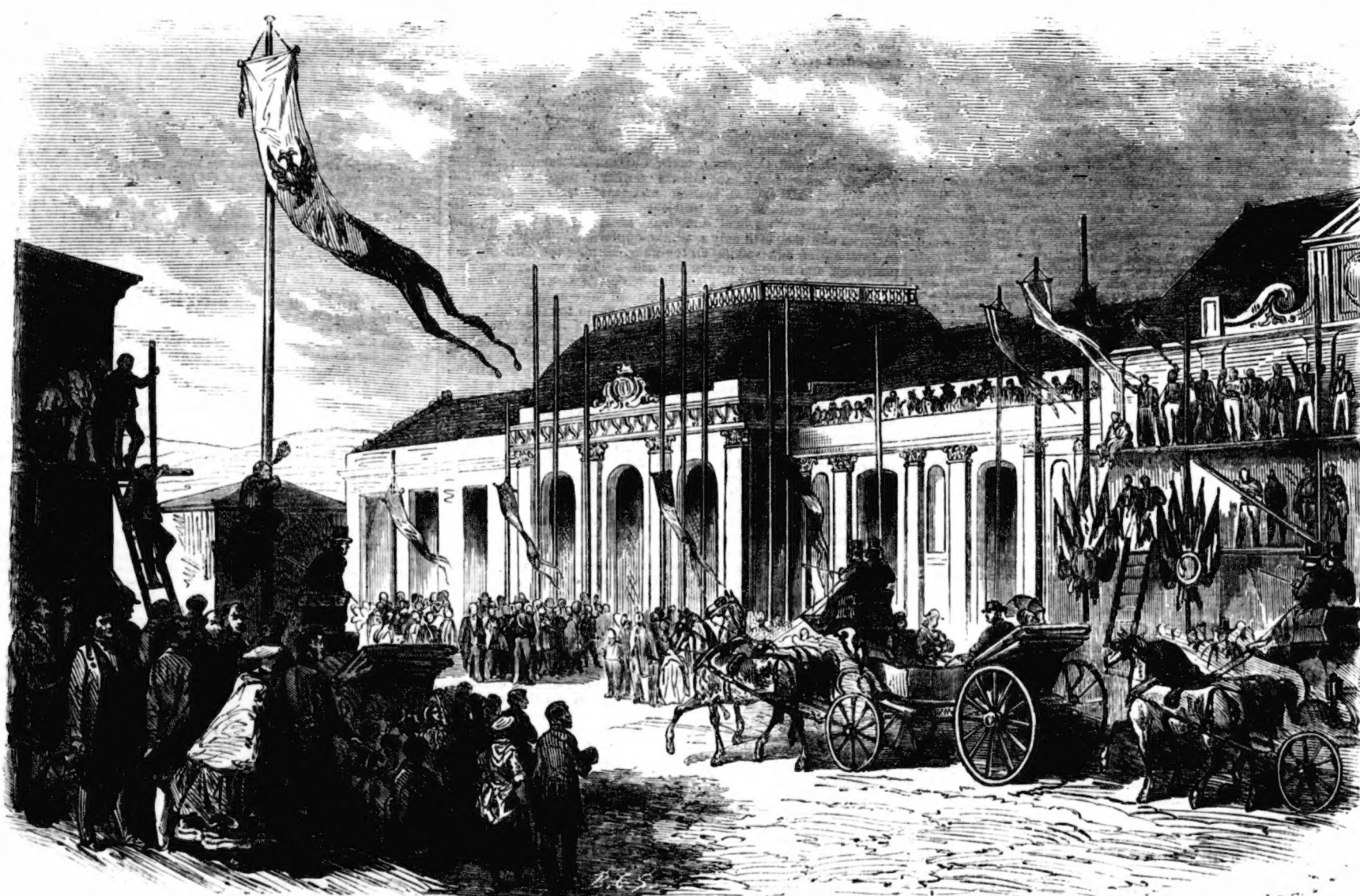
THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF RUSSIA ATTENDING A SERVICE OF THE GREEK CHURCH AT NICE.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA AT NICE.

Now that the Czar has left Nice, and Napoleon III. is safely ensconced at Compiègne for the winter season of retirement, the world will expect to learn that some remarkable arrangements for

the benefit of Europe were made during the conference between the two Potentates. Nothing has transpired, however, and his Majesty of Russia has departed—with some little ceremony, it is true—but with nothing extraordinary to mark the event.

During the brief sojourn of the French Potentate at Nice, there had been reviews (both military and naval), at which French and Russian crosses of honour were liberally distributed; there had also been much banqueting, and playgoing, and Im-



DEPARTURE OF THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA FROM NICE.

perial amusement, which lasted until the Royal companions separated, with a final dinner at the Russian villa; and the French Emperor and his suite left Nice very quietly on the following morning. The Emperor of Russia stayed only a day later, with an understanding that he should repeat his visit during the winter. One of our Engravings represents the arrival of the Royal suite at the railway station at Nice. Our other Engraving represents their Majesties attending Divine service at the Russian chapel, where so many of their subjects, who are visitors at Nice join in public worship.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WAR IN AMERICA.

OPERATIONS OF THE FEDERAL NAVY.

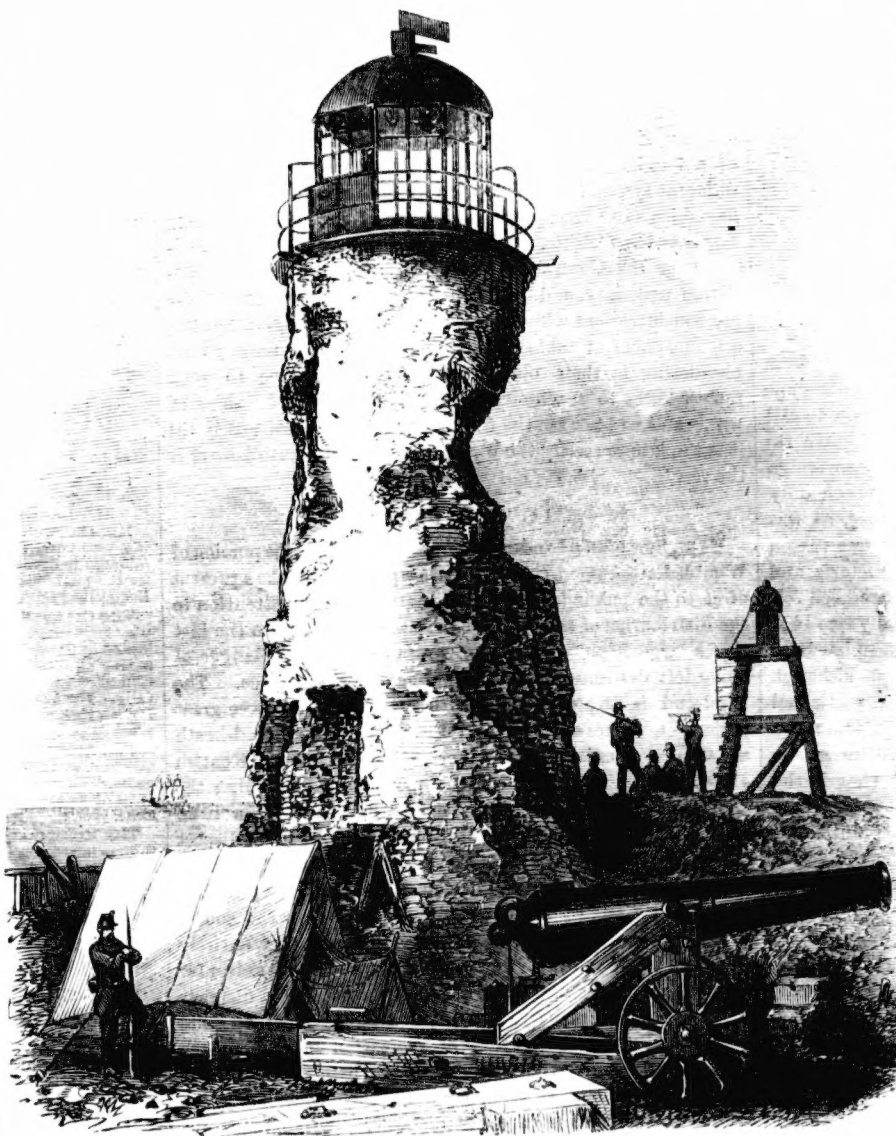
THE intelligence of the passage of Fort Morgan and the subsequent successes of Admiral Farragut, has been followed by news of the destruction of the Confederate ram Albemarle, which barred the Roanoke River, and was sunk on the 27th of last month by Lieutenant Cushing, of the Federal gun-boat Monticello, who exploded a torpedo under the bottom of the ram, and afterwards escaped by swimming, his own boat being entirely swamped and rendered unmanageable by the fire of the enemy.

We are able this week to publish some Engravings illustrating the principal recent events of the Federal naval operations; and not the least suggestive is that of the Lighthouse on the north-west corner of Fort Morgan. It will be remembered that Farragut and Granger, after a bombardment of twenty-four hours, compelled Fort Morgan to surrender. Our Engraving will show what was the effect of that tremendous attack, since it is made from a photograph taken immediately afterwards.

Over 1000 shells exploded within the fort; and it will, it is said, cost 200,000 dollars to restore it to a defensive condition. The lighthouse was pierced and scaled in a dozen places, and seemed ready to totter and fall before the slightest breeze. The Confederates had a look-out on the top until every pane of glass was pierced by the balls of the Federal sharpshooters.

THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.

is one of the boldest engineering efforts of the whole war, and, if successful, will be a fine example of the mechanical genius and energetic labour which can carry on such tremendous works with the rapidity which is characteristic of the American people. The object of the canal is to shorten the route of the Federal gun-boats to Richmond, and so enable them to co-operate with the army in the final attack on that long-resisting city. The canal is cut through an isthmus, called Dutch Gap, which connects with the north bank of the James River a peninsula known as Farrar's Island. The Isthmus of Dutch Gap is 300 yards wide and eighty feet high on the western side, sloping towards the east. The canal is to cut it across diagonally, and will thus be about 200 yards long. Passing through the canal, the fleet will save a distance of seven miles and avoid the Confederate obstructions, with which the river is thickly filled at the end of the peninsula. They will also escape the fire from the batteries in that neighbourhood. The work was begun in August last, and is now nearly finished. Our Engraving represents a bird's-eye view of the canal and its surroundings. In the foreground is the trench, in which the men are at work. Beyond is the northern arm of the James River. In the distance is Howlett's



THE WAR IN AMERICA; LIGHTHOUSE AT FORT MORGAN, MOBILE HARBOUR.

Battery, from which the Confederates discharge frequent shells. The work of course proceeds in the centre of the canal, the ends of which are left standing, to be mined at last and blown out. When finished, the canal at Dutch Gap will rank among the most remarkable achievements of science in modern warfare.

THE NEW FEDERAL IRONCLADS.

The shipbuilding yards of the North are still ardently employed in reinforcing the Federal fleet; and while all Europe

may watch with advantage the tremendous experiments with iron plates and heavy artillery, which are the results of modern naval architecture, the Americans themselves seem disinclined to stay proceedings for any long series of trials, but produce vessel after vessel, the experiments in which are made in action.

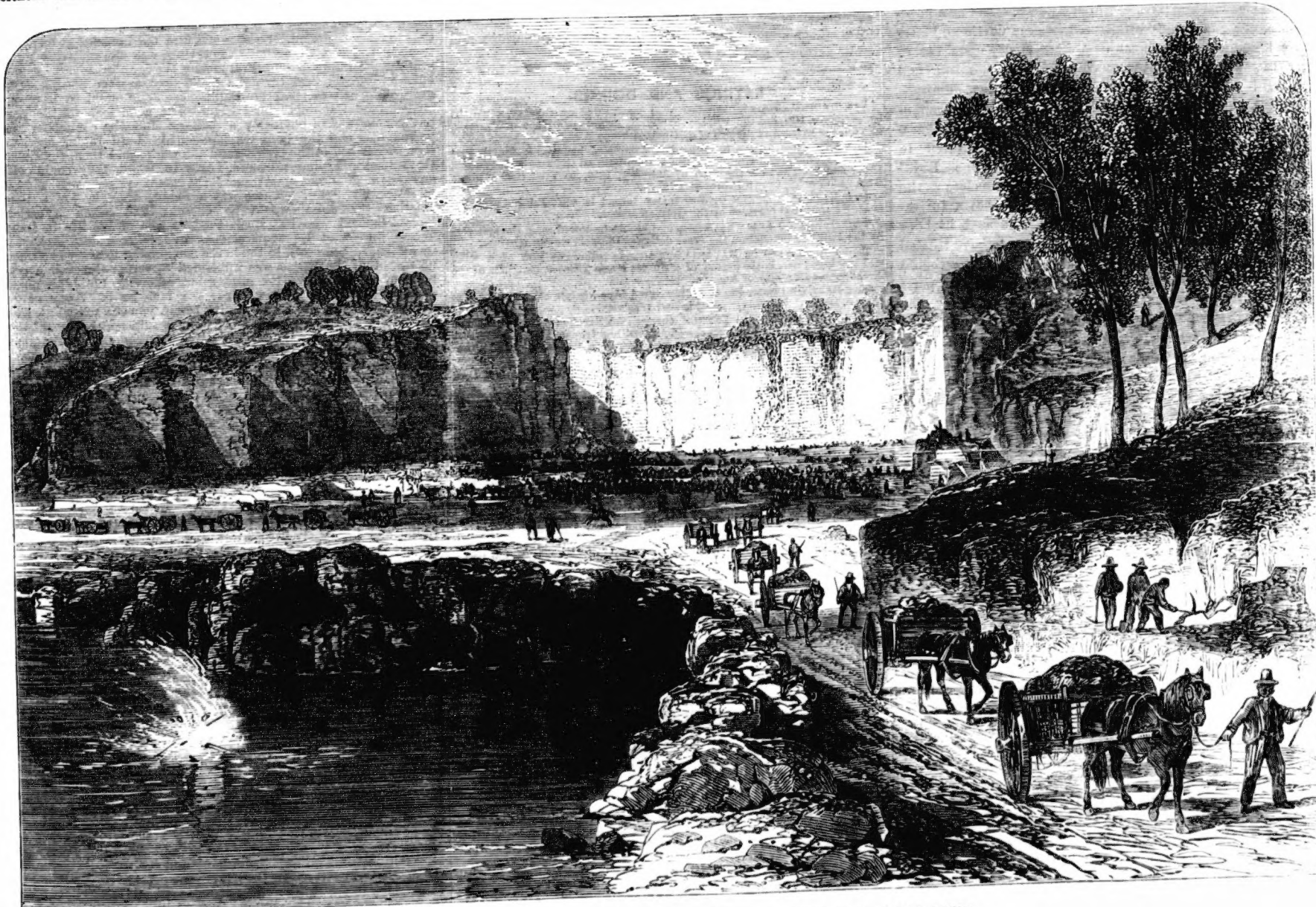
Our Engravings represent the latest additions to those terrible machines of naval warfare (they can scarcely be called ships) which have been introduced into the Federal marine service. The principal of these is the Dictator, which is represented at sea and in the act of lifting her enormous prow from the briny deep over which she is coursing. She is known as an ocean iron-clad ram, and was built at the Delamater Iron-works, from plans and drawings by the great Swedish engineer, John Ericsson. She is a stupendous piece of workmanship, and carries two 15-in. guns in her turret. The New York correspondent of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, however, pronounces her a complete failure. In a recent communication he says:—"The Dictator, Mr. Ericsson's great ocean iron-clad ram, which was to visit Europe last summer and to astonish the world at large, is a complete and most miserable failure. She now lies at the Brooklyn Navy-yard, 13 in. out of water, and still lacking her allowance of ordnance stores, crew and luggage, coals, &c., making a total of more than 500 tons yet to go on board. If this weight be placed on board the deck will be even with the surface of the water. In this condition it would require only about 175 tons, perhaps less, weight of water or any other substance to place her beneath the water. Nor is this her only defect—her engines are not properly balanced, and turn over with the greatest difficulty, making a loud noise, and with an unpleasant jump. Thus far they have made twenty-two revolutions. The anchor purchase, another bright idea of the Swedish engineer, will not do its duty, and is powerless to raise her anchors. There is no use in trying to conceal the fact—that she is the greatest abortion of this age."

The Monadnock, although a monitor-battery, is built of oak wood and heavily clad with iron armour. She has two turrets, and carries four 15-in. guns. She was built at the Boston Navy Yard, under the superintendence of W. L. Hanscomb, Esq., naval constructor.

The Tuxis belongs to the light-draught monitor class of vessels which have been so unsuccessful. It is doubtful whether she can ever be made useful in her present condition. She was built at Chester, Pennsylvania, by Reamy, Son, and Archibald, from plans and drawings of Chief Engineer Alban C. Stimers, U.S.N. She carries two 11-in. guns in her turret.

The Napa is also a light-draught monitor; but she will be completed without a turret, and will mount an 11-in. gun on her forward deck. The pilot-house will take the place of the turret. She was built at Wilmington, Delaware, from plans by Mr. Stimers.

The new torpedo-boat bears the name of Stromboli, and is the invention of Chief-Engineer W. W. Wood, U.S.N. None of the American journals have been permitted to furnish a description of the interior of this novel craft. She performs her work entirely with the torpedo, which, by an ingenious contrivance, is placed and exploded under the bottom of an enemy's vessel, or on the bed of a river or bay where obstructions have been placed. She was built at Fair Haven, Connecticut, by S. H. Pook, Esq., one of the most accomplished and successful of American naval architects.



PROGRESS OF THE CANAL NOW BEING CUT THROUGH DUTCH GAP, JAMES RIVER.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1864.

MORE ADMIRALTY BLUNDERING.

It seems impossible to keep our Admiralty authorities from blundering. We had recently occasion to comment upon some of their shortcomings—sins of omission. We have now to call attention to a serious blunder of a positive kind—a grave sin of commission. When the new cupola-ship Royal Sovereign was paid off and placed in the reserve, after having been only a few days in commission, and before her qualities, as was alleged, had been fully tested, it was stated that one reason for the step was that men were wanted for the Victoria and could not be got otherwise. A like course has since been followed with the Warrior, the first and, as many qualified persons believe, the best of our ironclads. She also has been paid off, dismantled, and placed in ordinary, although it is reported that, on inspection by Admiral Sir Michael Seymour, she was found to be in excellent condition, not a bolt nor a plate having been displaced in her entire frame. Her crew, too, is wanted for the Victoria. And what is the Victoria, that such great sacrifices should be made to complete her complement of hands? She is a wooden 121-gun three-deck line-of-battle ship, built upon the old models in vogue previous to the introduction of iron-plating, and pronounced on all hands to be now of no use or value whatever as a fighting-ship. Any iron-clad gun-boat could sink her in ten minutes, without suffering from a single shot in return. Why, then, should the Admiralty be so anxious to send her to sea, and willing to make such sacrifices in the efficiency of the fleet to accomplish their purpose? The only reasons assigned are these—first, that, as we have the ship and have not hitherto made any use of her, it is as well that we should do so now, and, by putting her in commission, prevent her rotting idly in port; and, second, that she affords more comfortable accommodation for an admiral than any of our modern ironclads. For these reasons, the Victoria—a perfect sham so far as warlike purposes are concerned—has been fitted up at an enormous expense, furnished with a crew of about eleven hundred men—sufficient to man three ships such as the Warrior—and is to go to the Mediterranean as the flag-ship of the squadron, where she will cost the country, it is estimated, not less than £35,000 per annum. So that, because we have spent a large sum of money in constructing a vessel which is now obsolete as a fighting-ship, our sapient Admiralty officials can devise no better course than to spend a great deal more money upon her in order to make comfortable quarters for an admiral and his staff! It is all proper enough that our admirals, as well as our seamen, should have the best accommodation possible provided for them; but, really, £35,000 a-year seems rather too high a figure to be devoted to securing this object—and nothing more. The Royal Sovereign was herself a wooden ship of the same class as the Victoria; she has been cut down and altered into a turret-vessel, and is, admittedly, well adapted for at least harbour defence. Would it not have been better policy to have treated the Victoria in a similar manner? By doing so we should have secured an additional engine of defence for our ports and dockyards; whereas the Admiralty, by sending the Victoria to the Mediterranean, merely secure comfortable quarters for the admiral in command on that station, while they place the country in the ridiculous position of seeming to adhere to obsolete styles of naval architecture while every other nation in the world is adopting newer and more efficient models. It is true that there is no immediate prospect of the Victoria being required to play the part of a fighting-ship; but what is the use of absorbing men and spending money upon what is good for nothing but mere show? If the best way to avoid war is to show that you are prepared for it, the worst way to preserve peace is to appear unable to enforce it, whatever you may be in reality. And this is precisely what the Admiralty are doing. Foreign nations will not yield much respect to the naval power of England when the most prominent ship in one of our most important squadrons is a craft utterly unfitted for fighting, and which could easily be destroyed by the humblest iron-clad gun-boat.

Besides, as has been pointed out, large ships are not, in the altered state of engines of naval warfare and the change of tactics which these alterations must involve, at all adapted for flag-ships. Stationed on board such a ship, an admiral, after action has been closed, is in a position to direct that ship only, and can know little of the condition and progress of matters at other points of the line. To lay down a general plan of action, and then tell each captain to lay his ship alongside an enemy, answered excellently in the days of Nelson; but will it be equally suitable now? A much better plan would it be to make the admiral's ship a light, fast, moderately-armed steamer, in which he could move rapidly from point to point, and give such directions at each as might be needed. This would give the commander of a fleet that ubiquity and command of the situation necessary to enable him to direct a combat fought in the dense smoke emitted by the funnels of steam men-of-war and generated by the continuous discharge of

the enormous ordnance which must henceforth constitute the chief part of naval armaments. A general in command of an army in the field does not confine his attention to one spot, or devote himself to the direction of one regiment or one division of his army. Why should an admiral in command of a fleet be placed at a greater disadvantage or pursue a different system? The adoption of such a style of vessel for flag-ships as we have proposed, instead of such a huge floating castle as the Victoria, would at once supply a better standpoint for the Admiral in command, afford all the accommodation necessary, and be infinitely less expensive. But these are considerations which, of course, our Admiralty authorities are incapable of taking into account; and so they go on blundering in their old stupid fashion, continue to send useless hulks to sea, under the name and guise of "ships of war," and will not see the folly of which they are guilty till it is too late to rectify the blunder, and some great disaster is the result.

LONDON PARKS.

EARL SPENCER'S handsome offer to inclose a large portion of Wimbledon-common, convert it into a park, and make a present of it to the public in perpetuity, naturally calls attention to the distribution of the parks of the metropolis, and to the fact that a large, populous, and growing district is in danger of being left destitute of such a public breathing-place. The West-end is amply supplied with open space in three great parks—St. James's, Hyde, and Regent's; Hampstead-heath answers a similar purpose for Camden Town, Kentish Town, and the north-west of the metropolis generally; the denizens of the East-end have Victoria Park, and, at a little distance, Epping and Hainault Forests, in which to disport themselves; Greenwich Park is an excellent outlet for the inhabitants of the south-east; Battersea Park and the proposed new one at Wimbledon will amply accommodate the south-west; but the north-east is likely to be, in this respect, entirely "left out in the cold," if we may borrow an Americanism for the nonce. Are the important and densely-populated districts of Clerkenwell, Finsbury, Hoxton, and Islington to be quite neglected in the distribution of recreation ground in the metropolis? Surely the inhabitants of these districts have as great need of, and as much right to, such accommodation as their fellow-citizens of other districts. Some years ago an attempt was made to obtain a park for Finsbury, and a particular portion of land was fixed upon as a suitable site. Has nothing further been done in the matter? and is the project to be allowed to remain in abeyance until its realisation will involve many times the sum necessary to carry it out now? The land proposed is rapidly being built upon; railways are being cut through its midst; and in a few years the plan may become impracticable. The inhabitants of the important district comprised in the borough of Finsbury should bestir themselves, and take steps to secure such an inestimable boon as a public park before it is too late. Government might do something, and private donations and public subscriptions the rest.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, Windsor, was consecrated on Sunday, when the congregation included the Princess of Wales, Princesses Helena and Louise, and a large number of persons of distinction.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND completed her twenty-fourth year on Monday, her Royal Highness having been born on the 21st of November, 1840; and married, on the 25th of January, 1858, to Frederick William Nicholas Charles, Crown Prince of Prussia.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF DENMARK intend to visit Jutland after the evacuation of that province by the German troops.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN has wisely and kindly bestowed upon the sufferers by the Valencia inundation the sums designed to celebrate her fête day.

THE YOUNG KING OF BAVARIA has already bethought him of a wife, and has found her, in the person of Princess Marie Thérèse, daughter of the Archduchess Elizabeth of Austria.

THE EARL OF DERBY has so far recovered from his late attack of gout as to be considered convalescent, but is still very weak.

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH, through his Excellency the Minister of the Imperial Household and of the Fine Arts, has transmitted a handsome large silver medal to M. Singa, the composer of a "cantate" which has recently been performed at St. Cloud.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON is engaged in writing the life of the late Lord Hardinge.

LORD DUFFERIN has been appointed Under-Secretary for India, in succession to Lord Wodehouse.

M. DE CHASSELOUP-LAUBAT is, it is said, about to retire from the French Ministry of Marine. It is reported that Admiral Jurien de la Gravière will be his successor.

LORD NAPIER has arrived at Berlin, and on Monday had an audience of the King, and presented his credentials as British Ambassador to the Prussian Court.

THE KNIGHTHOOD OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR has just been conferred on M. Poulin Niboyet, the French Consul at Sunderland, as a reward for the services he has rendered to the shipping trade of the two countries.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON has entirely recovered from the serious accident he met with in the hunting-field, his Grace's sight not being in the slightest degree impaired.

MR. E. J. REED, Chief Constructor of the Navy, has been compelled, under medical advice, to leave England for the south of France and Italy. Mr. Reed's health has been in a delicate state for some time.

A LADY'S-MAID recently wrote to a perfumer for a dozen bottles of "O Diek Alone."

MR. DENMAN, M.P., will, it is rumoured, introduce into Parliament a bill to give criminals the option of being placed in the witness-box.

THE DUKE OF SOMERSET has given his sanction to Captain Cowper P. Coles, R.N., to construct an entirely new ship on his cupola principle.

THE ALLEGED ENLISTMENTS FOR THE FEDERAL ARMY are still under investigation, the affidavits sworn in the case having been placed before the law officers of the Crown. The Great Western is still detained at Liverpool.

SIGNOR DONATO, the ravishing one-legged dancer, who has hopped into popularity all over the Continent, is to appear in the English Opera Company's pantomime ("Cinderella") this winter at Covent Garden.

A WEST LONDON WORKING-CLASSES' INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION is now in course of formation.

THE MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN, who obtained a first class in classics at Oxford in 1854, has published at Edinburgh a volume entitled "The Confederate Secession," containing a clear and succinct view of the question at issue between the Federals and Confederates.

AN "IRISH-AMERICAN," named Murphy, has been committed for trial at Athlone, on a charge of endeavouring to persuade four men belonging to the 25th Regiment to desert the service and proceed to New York with the view of entering the Federal army.

A LARGE VESSEL, the Robin Hood, was run into by the Spirit of the Ocean, on Monday night, in the Channel, near Dungeness. So severe was the shock that the Robin Hood sunk at once and the other vessel was seriously damaged. The crew of the foundered ship took to their boats, and it is stated that one of these boats, with seventy persons on board, is missing.

AN EXTRAORDINARY METEOR was observed in the neighbourhood of Headingly on Sunday night, about nine o'clock. It first appeared in the form of a flash of lightning from the west, and instantly burst like a ball of blue fire, illuminating the whole district.

A CURIOUS TRIAL is pending at Stutgard. The tenor, Herr Sontheim, is pleading against his director not to have to sing Herr Wagner's music. The famous tenor maintains, as his case, that he was engaged for singing parts, and not to break his voice.

ALL THE COUNTRY FOR MILES AROUND ORIZABA, in Mexico, was, on the morning of the 3rd ult. convulsed by an earthquake of great violence and destructiveness. In two minutes many buildings were demolished and many lives lost. At Puebla seventeen French soldiers were killed or wounded.

THE AUSTRIAN BUDGET shows a total estimated revenue of 518,000,000 florins, and a total expenditure of 548,000,000. Eighteen millions of the deficit would be covered by an indemnity, to be paid by the duchies for the Austrian portion of the Danish war expenses; and the remainder will be provided for by a loan.

A GALE of great severity visited the coast last week, and the accounts of the damage done to shipping are very distressing. At Liverpool, Holyhead, Falmouth, and Milford, considerable mischief has been done, and more than one vessel is known to have foundered.

THE SEA KING, now called the Shenandoah, reported to be the new ship in which Captain Semmes was to cruise under the Confederate flag, is stated to have been wrecked on certain rocks near the Desert Isles, off Funchal, Madeira. There is some doubt, however, as to the correctness of the report.

ELIZABETH WOOD, aged fifty-five, died in violent convulsions, a few days ago, in consequence of having imbibed poison into her system while employed in a whitelead factory at Limehouse.

MELANCTHON'S HOUSE AT BRETEN, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, has just been purchased by the Evangelical Congregation of that village. It is intended to devote the house for the future to the purposes of an institution for the maintenance and education of poor orphan children of parents of Evangelical faith who were natives of, or resident in, that part of Baden.

THE CATCHES OF HERRINGS off the eastern coast of late have been on a very large scale. In two days last week 1800 tons, or 23,760,000 fish, were landed at Great Yarmouth. Prices have ranged from £4 to £14 per last, averaging about £9 per last. A Lowestoft report also states that the boats connected with that port have been prosecuting the herring fishery successfully. Thus, on one day last week 220 lasts of fish were landed at Lowestoft. Details such as these give us a glimpse of the enormous food resources of the great deep.

THE AUSTRALIAN COLONIES are to have their own way on the convict question, as it is Mr. Cardwell's intention to submit to the House of Commons, during the next Session, a measure which will involve the abandonment of Western Australia as a penal settlement within a certain specified time.

THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES OF PALERMO have resolved to build a new theatre in that city, sufficiently capacious to hold 3000 spectators. A sum of two millions and a half of francs has been voted for that purpose. Architects of all nations have been invited to submit plans of construction. Five prizes will be awarded for the best of these plans—the first consisting of 25,000fr., the second of 16,000fr., the third of 9000fr., the fourth of 4000fr., and the fifth of 2000fr.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

It seems but a few days since I used to meet Sir John Lawrence, in the simple garb of a private English gentleman, marching across the park, unnoticed and unknown, to the India Office in Victoria-street; and now he is Governor-General of India, and lately has held a Durbar in the Punjab, at which 600 native princes assembled, in all their barbaric pomp of pearl and gold, to do him honour. The appointment of Sir John Lawrence to the Indian viceroyship was what every State appointment ought to be—it was a realisation of Napoleon's favourite saying, "Tools to the man who can use them." Sir John was born in 1811, and is therefore now fifty-three years old, in the maturity of his intellect and physical powers. He has resided in India upwards of twenty-eight years. For ten years he lived at Delhi, and there, separated from Europeans and associating only with natives, he not only got a perfect knowledge of Hindostanee and other languages of the vast Indian peninsula, but he learned "to know the races it was his lot to rule" as no other Englishman probably knows them. In 1849, when the Punjab was annexed, he and his brother Henry became members of a Board of Administration appointed by Lord Dalhousie to govern the new province. Subsequently, Sir John was appointed the sole Governor of the Punjab; and what he did there, when the Indian Mutiny broke out, is still fresh, and will ever be fresh, in the memories of all men acquainted with the history of that terrible explosion. So wise and firm had been his government there that, whilst all around the province was one weltering sea of mutiny, the Punjab, "faithful among the faithless found," was so quiet and secure that Sir John could send a large portion of its garrison to help to recapture Delhi. Sir John ought to have succeeded Lord Canning. Lord Elgin was a good man for the post, but Sir John was obviously a better. But the commoner was passed over and the Lord was appointed. Lord Elgin, however, soon succumbed to the climate and the work; and then, the Indian Government, having no more Lords to whom they could with any show of decency present "the great prize," was obliged to select Sir John. There was a doubt, though, for a time, whether Sir John would be chosen; and when a certain gallant Colonel, who has spent the best part of his life in India, knows all about its requirements, and takes a deep interest in its affairs, rushed down to the house announcing to every one whom he met that Lawrence was appointed Governor-General, everybody who cared about the matter felt relieved. Sir John, unlike some men whom we know, looks the man he is. Some of our eminent men you have to scrutinise before you can tell where their strength lies. But a glance at Sir John is sufficient to reveal that you have a great man before you. What strikes one most in him is a certain harmony pervading the whole man. He is rather above the middle height, and from head to foot, is massively and squarely built. In the details of his countenance there is the same harmony, no development preponderating. His capacious forehead indicates intellectual power, whilst all the lower features show that he has firmness of purpose and strength of will to carry out what his wisdom designs. Nor is there anything of the worn-out old Indian about Sir John. His face is darkened by exposure to an Indian sun, but not shrunken nor sallow; and he walked as firmly, and shouldered his way through a London crowd with as much energy and ease, as Dandie Dinmont moved through the streets of Edinburgh. Such is Sir John Lawrence, who, from a comparatively low position, has worked his way, by his own unaided strength, to the viceroyship of India, and has lately been addressing in Hindostanee 600 native princes assembled to do him honour. This meeting suggested these remarks, which I hope will be acceptable to your readers.

Rumour says that Mr. Russell, the editor of the *Scotsman*, is to be Comptroller of the Stationery Office. If this be so, Mr. Russell is indeed a fortunate man, for the Government has not in its gift many better things than this comptrollership. He will have a thousand a year to begin with, and a handsome house. In my last communication about the place, I forgot to mention the house. A thousand a year and a house! But neither is this all; for the salary, as I said last week, rises £40 a year till it reaches £1200; and, moreover, the duties cannot be very heavy, for in this, as in most other State departments, the heavy work falls upon the subordinates. Of course, there will be much angry disappointment in several quarters. The chief clerk, who receives £700 a year, would have been glad of the appointment, and perhaps expected it; and, certainly, if he be qualified to perform its duties—as no doubt he is much better than Mr. Russell can hope to be for some years—he ought to have had it. But these topping prizes in the Civil Service are seldom given as rewards for real and ability in the department, but for quite other and extraneous reasons. Mr. Russell has been a zealous defender of the Whig Government for many years, and of Lord Palmerston especially, against all impugners, Tory and Radical. But what will the *Scotsman* do without its Russell? The proverb says, "There are as good fish in the water as ever came out;" but it will not be easy to find a worthy successor to Mr. Russell. There will be one large party in Scotland which will, however, be glad to get rid of him—to wit, the Free Kirk, in whose sides the sharp, caustic pen of Mr. Russell has been a terrible thorn for several years.

"If you do not want Ireland to be drained of its inhabitants you must drain it of the superfluous water." This is the dictum of Sir

Robert Peel, the Irish Secretary; and he recommends that application should be made to the Government for a loan to enable the landlords to achieve this great work of draining out the water that they may stop the outward flow of the people; and he promises to back the application with his warmest support. And Irish landlordism is in rapturous expectation that next Session such a measure of "justice to Ireland" will be accorded the like of which has not been seen for years. Well, there cannot be much objection to the plan. English landlords can have loans, I think, for improving their lands, always, of course, upon good security; and why not Irish landlords? But whether draining the lands will stop the emigration remains to be proved. It will be seen that Sir Robert Peel, consciously or unconsciously, gave his chief a rebuke. Lord Palmerston, last Session, said that emigration was a safety-valve. "Water will find its level," said his Lordship "and so will labour." Sir Robert repudiated in the most emphatic manner that emigration ought to be looked upon by any statesman as the safety-valve of the country. "He thought it had gone far enough—too far, perhaps," Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert, then, are at variance on this subject; but there will be no quarrel. The noble Premier lets his wild hawk fly at random during the vacation; but, when Parliament meets, he will call him in and hold him in proper check, we may be sure.

The *Saturday Review* has discovered a very pretty bit of scandal, if that can be called scandal which is true, about Sir James Emerson Tennant. Sir James is Secretary of the Board of Trade. It is not usual for a Government official to take part in a controversy against his employers. But Sir James has broken rule, and written a book entitled "The Story of the Guns," in which he denounces Sir William Armstrong's inventions, and, by consequence, the War Office, which supports Sir William, and praises the guns of Mr. Whitworth, Sir William's competitor. This is taking high ground, and men wondered at Sir James's audacity, and were curious to learn why he should be such a partisan of Mr. Whitworth. The *Saturday Review* has discovered the reason why. The preface of Sir James's book is dated November, 1863. On the 17th of March the Manchester Ordnance and Rifle Company was formed to manufacture Whitworth guns and rifles, and Sir James stands registered as the possessor of five shares of £1000 each in the said company. Sir James's book is, then, merely a puff of his own company. There is only one loophole through which Sir James can escape from this charge. There may possibly be two James Emerson Tennants residing at the same house in Warwick-square, and the man who signs for five shares may not be the real Simon Pure. But if the James Emerson Tennant, the shareholder, be not Sir James, he must surely be a son of Sir James, and, if so, the case is not much altered.

Parliament, it is said, with an air of authority, will meet on Tuesday, the 31st of January. Whether this is really settled, I know not. Probably it has been settled at some one of the Cabinet meetings which have been held during the last few weeks. It is further confidently asserted that Lord Palmerston will not dissolve Parliament until the autumn of next year. In spite of the 9 per cent discount which ruled so long, and the 7 per cent which is still demanded by the Bank, there will be a very large amount of private business: quite as much, I am told, as there was last year, when there were about 500 petitions for private bills presented.

If Mr. Cox stood six feet high, he would not be ridiculed by *Punch* and others as he is. He has the misfortune to be the smallest man in the house; and there is, in the house and out of it, a strong propensity to laugh at small men, especially when they are active, busy men, like Mr. Cox. Next Parliament, if Mr. Cox should hold his seat for Finsbury, I suspect that he will have to relinquish the distinction of being our smallest member; for a little bird has whispered in my ear that Lord Amberley is to make his debut as a statesman; and he, I should say, is a smaller man than Mr. Cox. And let me here say that I hope the Finsbury people will not discard Mr. Cox; for really he works hard, does a great deal of work that would not, but for him, be done at all, and is a very useful member. He can speak well. He generally understands what he is talking about, and has more than once done the State good service by calling attention to abuses which had escaped the notice of all our Parliamentary critics. Moreover, he is independent and impartial. True, he does not aim at doing very great things; but all cannot do this. He is, however, a capital watchdog; ever ready to raise alarm when he sees anything wrong, and not to be silenced by threats or bribes. It is quite a mistake to say that he is vulgar and uneducated. He has long been a practising solicitor; and, judging solely by what I have seen and heard in the house, I should say that he has far more brains than half the idle swells who lounge at the bar and laugh at him. His conduct in the matter of Mr. Stansfeld was unquestionably a mistake; but I do not think that he ought to be cashiered for it.

Mr. John Timbs, the well-known author of the "Curiosities of London," has just ready for publication a library volume of "Walks and Talks about London," in which the great metropolitan changes now in progress will form the specialité.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Mr. Burnand's famous classical extravaganza of "Ixion" having had a run of 300 nights—I believe the longest ever achieved by a burlesque—has been at last withdrawn from the playbills of the NEW ROYALTY, and a new "burlesque extravaganza" from the pen of the same author has taken its place. "Snowdrop; or, The Seven Mannikins and the Magic Mirror," was played for the first time on Monday night, and a host of literary and artistic notabilities crowded together; and, oh! how dauntless and persevering is the literary and artistic notability when he or she—particularly she—is resolved to find a seat on which to witness a novelty! There were novelists, essayists, dramatists, painters, comic writers, burlesque writers, critics, composers, librettists, and actors, all inconvenienced for want of space, place, and air; and, not only were there novelists, essayists, dramatists, &c., but the wives and families of the aforesaid novelists, essayists, dramatists, &c. Even the managers of provincial theatres travelled two hundred uncomfortable miles to see "the new piece." Everybody in the house knew everybody else, and inquired after everybody else's nearest and dearest, and Christian names were banded (how can Christian names be banded?—"What nonthenth that ith!") from moustache to moustache. Your Lounger grasped gloves with numbers of his acquaintance, and also with numbers of people whom he never saw before in the course of his life, but who addressed him in terms of familiar friendship, and with whom he fraternised upon the spot. It is so awkward to tell a man you don't know him, or that you forget where you had the pleasure of meeting him last.

Whether literary and artistic notabilities, their wives and families, &c. consume more air than the regular public I am not sufficiently learned in aerometrics, or aerometry, or aerostation, whichever it may be. I leave the question open to professional savans to say; but if Admiral Fitzroy, or Messrs. Coxwell and Glaisher, or Sir Richard Mayne, or the Licensor of Plays, or Sir George Grey, or the authorities at Trinity House, would only arrange a better system of ventilation for the New Royalty, he, they, and it, would confer a boon upon the regular public, and upon literary and artistic notabilities, their wives and families, &c., likewise. The heat was dreadful; and, had it not been for strong resolution and diluted alcoholic waters, your Lounger and the critics of the London papers—matutinal, nocturnal, and hebdomadal—would have fallen victims to the Dean-street *Soho-rocco*.

The story of "Snowdrop" is founded on a sketch from the German of the Brothers Grimm. The Queen-stepmother of the kingdom of Sugarplummanian is strong-minded, and not so young as formerly. She consults the Magic Mirror—which is certainly a Mirror of Truth—and the villainous glass informs her that the Princess Snowdrop is more beautiful than herself. Upon this the Queen-mother prosecutes the Princess Snowdrop with that relentless animosity known only to the stage. The young Princess is "chivied," and finally killed—that is, she would have been killed, and so afforded a fine sensation line for the bill-boards of the cheap newspapers of Sugarplummanian, had it not been for the King of the Elves, and his six mannikin brothers, who outwit the Queen-

stepmother, raise a log-but for Snowdrop's shelter, plant a thick wood around it, and keep her asleep for a few years—ten, a hundred, or a thousand, I know not which—from which slumber she wakes up, like a sleeping beauty refreshed, to be happy with the man of her heart and the husband of her inclinations.

The couplets, puns, parodies, songs, and dances in "Snowdrop" succeed each other in such swift variety that it would be as useless to attempt a description of their effect as to endeavour to give a chromo-lithographic account of the changes of pattern in an ever-revolving kaleidoscope. I must content myself by saying that the new extravaganza was entirely successful, and is doubtless destined to a long enjoyment of public favour. I may mention the words of one duet, from "L'Elisir d'Amore," which, though English as the proverbial beefsteak and porter, sounds as like Italian, and the Italian of Tuscany—for it gives an idea of the special power of Mr. Burnand, whose fun, while always effective from a dramatic point of view, has in it a tone of *ton* and a flavour of fashion.

The scenery and dresses were everything that could be wished. As the representatives of the dramatist persons were obviously nervous, I may hope that in a few nights their acting will be everything that can be wished. Mr. Stephens and Miss Safford deserve particular mention for their embodiment of the King and Queen; and Miss Rosina Wright not only danced as well as Miss Rosina Wright, but acted the Elf-King and spoke his couplets as well as she danced. At the fall of the curtain there was a general call for the artists, and after that a particular call for Mr. Burnand, who bowed his acknowledgments from the stage. By-the-way, what an absurd term is that "bowing acknowledgments"! How can a man bow acknowledgments any more than a lady can curtsy congratulations?

The adaptation of the famous Parisian piece of "Les Dames du Cabaret," is to be produced at the ADELPHI this evening, as the playbill says, "under the title of the 'Workmen of Paris,' with important scenic effects, dresses, &c." What is an important scenic effect? and what, in the names of Moses and Son, is an important dress? And, while I am asking questions, let me inquire who it is who writes the bills of the play—the bill-stickers, the scene-shifters, or the ingenious mechanists?

The new play to be produced at the MAYMARK is an adaptation, by Mr. John Bridgman, of the drama, by Mosenthal, on which the libretto of "Helvellyn" was founded. It is but justice to Mr. Bridgman, in these days of unblushing plagiarism, that I should point out that in the Haymarket announcements not only is the adaptation acknowledged, but the name of the author appears before that of the adapter. Bravo, Mr. Bridgman! and may others follow your honest example!

At DRURY LANE, a piece called "A Young Lad from the Country" now precedes "Macbeth." Rumour, which in the present day should be painted full of *pens*, attributes the new *lever de rideau* to Mr. John Oxenford. It—the *lever de rideau*—was entirely successful.

MR. COBDEN AT ROCHDALE.

THE Rochdale Reform Association, stimulated by the recent movements of the Conservative party in the borough held a political soiree on Wednesday night in the large machine-works of Messrs. Thomas Robinson and Son, which long before the appointed hour was densely crowded in every part. It was estimated that upwards of 6000 persons were present. Mr. John Tatham, the Mayor of Rochdale, presided, supported by the principal gentlemen of the town connected with the Liberal party. Mr. Cobden, M.P. for the borough, attended; but Mr. Bright, M.P., to the great regret of his fellow-townsmen, was prevented from being present by the recent death of a son, of much future promise. Mr. Cobden, who arrived in Rochdale on the previous day, met with a very enthusiastic reception, and on taking his seat on the platform, accompanied by Mr. George Wilson and Mr. Jacob Bright, was loudly cheered.

Mr. Cobden dwelt, in the greatest portion of his speech, on our foreign policy, and on the necessity of rigidly abstaining from interference in the affairs of other nations—his ideas on which subject he summed up in the following quotation from an article in the recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*—

"That this country should enter into no official discussion and no public engagements on affairs remotely concerning herself, that she will reserve her power and influence for British purposes, that she will not pronounce an opinion unless she is resolved to support it by action, and that she will throw on to her States the whole responsibility of acts affecting themselves more directly than they affect us."

Mr. Cobden then continued—

I am glad here to have the opportunity of quoting the same orthodox publication on another most important matter. Speaking of domestic reforms that await our attention, the reviewer says, "At home we have still to apply to land and to labour that freedom which has worked more marvels in the case of capital and commerce." Now, that is not my language; it is that of the Whig reviewer; but I say Amen to it, however. If I numbered twenty-five or thirty years instead of twice that number, I would take "Adam Smith" in my hand, and I would have a league for free trade in land just as we had a league for free trade in corn. There is just the same authority in "Adam Smith" for the one as for the other; and if the matter were only properly taken up, not as a revolutionary Chartist notion, but as a step in political economy, I believe success would attend the effort. And I say this, that the man who can secure the application of free trade to land and to labour will do for the English poor more than we have been able to do by the application of free trade to commerce. Besides the question of Parliamentary Reform, which lies at the bottom of most things, there is something which must be done next year in the way of revising our financial position, and this will follow very much as a corollary to our new foreign policy, and as an illustration of the fruits which may be reaped from its adoption. If you avow the principle that you are not going to fight for anything but your own interest and honour—not the honour of the barrack-room, but the honour of this great Christian country, which need never, under a wise Government, be dissociated from its interests—I say, if you acknowledge that rule, I defy you to find a necessity for keeping up your present military establishment and spending £25,000,000 a year on the Army and Navy. Already I see it announced in an authoritative quarter that there is to be a reduction next year, and I am glad of it, very much for the sake of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Gladstone is the best Chancellor of the Exchequer that England has ever had; and I do not hesitate to say so, recollecting that among his predecessors was William Pitt. I am sorry, however, to add that Mr. Gladstone has been the most extravagant Chancellor who ever managed the Treasury. He has proved himself a master in adjusting the burdens of the country. I mean that he found the weight placed on the animal in such a way as to render it most difficult for him to carry it; the burden was tied round his knees, it was fastened to his tail, it hung over his eyes, it blinded him, impeded his movement, and lamed him at every step. Then came Mr. Gladstone and released the fettered limbs, placing the burden, most ingeniously, on the softest possible pad, on the animal's shoulders. But we must not forget that the beast is still carrying the burden, and a great deal more than he had to bear before this beautiful process was commenced. We never before had a Government which extracted from the country £70,000,000 of income in time of peace. People exclaimed about the American expenditure. A friend told me the other day that the Americans were spending 2,000,000 dols. a day, and asked me what I thought of it. I said I thought it was rather more; but, having regard to the depreciation of American currency and the present rate of exchange, it was very near the amount which Mr. Gladstone, in time of peace, was drawing from our own country. And, mind you, as long as the people of England are apt to think, with that comfortable complacency of theirs, that they can only go abroad to find objects of pity, they will always be persuaded that they are cleverer, happier, and doing everything better than their fellows. Why is it that the American States have laughed to scorn the prediction of all our writers on finance, who told them that they could not go on with the war for six months without coming to Europe for a loan? How is it that they have deceived and disappointed the whole of Europe? It is because the American people have never allowed their Government to make a war expenditure in time of peace. That is the whole secret. They were spending for the purposes of their Government from £15,000,000 to £17,000,000 sterling per annum when the war broke out, and the savings then made have enabled them to go through this terrific strain. Take £10,000,000 of savings for forty years, add together £10,000,000 of savings for forty years with compound interest, and you will see what a fabulous amount it comes to. This is what America did. But what are you doing here? You are keeping up a war expenditure in time of peace, and those gentlemen who are so ready to rush into a war would find that we are crippled by our previous expenditure. I hope that Mr. Gladstone will be enabled during the next Session to make a large reduction in the actual expenditure. I don't want to look at details. We are told—and we are thereby deceived as to the actual state of things—that so many excise and

customs duties have been reduced and abolished. But I look at the whole amount, and I find that the Customs and Excise together still amount to about 40 millions sterling, or more than you had to pay before the reductions began. I want to see how much the whole income of the taxpayer is reduced, and I hope that during the next Session Mr. Gladstone will do justice to himself. He has told us that he considers the expenditure excessive; but it is sailing very near the wind for any Minister, after proclaiming that he is spending more money than he ought to do, to justify himself; it is for you, the people of England, to come forward and prevent it. Mr. Gladstone is the man who has, by his talents and ability, enabled the Government to get this money; but I am willing to admit that on account of his services in other respects Mr. Gladstone is justified in remaining in the Ministry. But he has nearly finished his career of manifolding the sources of revenue. He has nearly completed his work. Any future services that he can render must be in reducing the expenditure. Lord Stanley the other day declared that he could see his way to an annual expenditure of £60,000,000, and I suppose that when Mr. Gladstone sees distinguished members of the Opposition making such a statement he will hasten on to that amount for fear he should be taken up by the other side. He has declared the present rate of expenditure to be prodigal—that, I think, was the term. Mr. Disraeli also talked about bloated armaments, and so we have things all round. I do not know how the public can interfere in Mr. Gladstone's Budget; but I would advise him to appeal to the people at the next election; and I am inclined to think that this is the only way in which they can interfere in the matter with his Budget. I hold that the House of Commons is more extravagant than the Government. We have voted an immense sum on the Army and Navy since I have been in the House, and I never saw a single item reduced in that time; but I have seen votes increasing in amount. The Government last Session attempted to effect a small saving in the yeomanry; but the country gentlemen came down to the house in a body and carried the vote against them. I trust Mr. Gladstone will appeal to the British public on the subject of this expenditure. This is the only way that can be effectual at the elections, and I am sure they will not fail to support him. The House of Commons wants an infusion of the popular element. I see before me so many of the middle classes, and beyond them so many of the operatives. It is thought by some that in the House of Commons the middle classes predominate; but that is a great delusion, for that House is becoming more and more a rich man's club. You can only have an infusion of the poor man's element by the enlargement of the rights of the people; and I advise the middle classes too to regard this as a mere working man's question. The middle classes too are interested in having a reform of Parliament in order that their influence may be increased, for now we are but a very small ingredient indeed. A friend the other day said, "I will lay a wager that the blacks in America will vote before the English working men." I should not like to say that; but this I will say, that you cannot with safety exclude the great mass of the people from the suffrage. This question was never before in the position in which it now stands. You have had several successive Governments, in Queen's Speeches, recommending an increase in the number of voters. The people feel that they are trifled with. Now, there is nothing that causes such dissatisfaction as a sense of having been betrayed. The mass of the people are magnanimous and forgiving of everything but the conviction, sometimes erroneous, of having been betrayed. The working classes are at present silent on the question of the suffrage; but that is something new, and, if they do not move, that is an additional reason why the middle classes should do so. Circumstances occur once in every twenty or thirty years when an appeal must be made to the whole mass of the community. Now, it is not desirable that it should leave the whole mass of the people with a grievance—a grievance of which they can convict you upon your own declarations. There is danger in such a state of things; and the shape which the controversy is taking is, to my mind, very undesirable. It now takes the broad aspect of the question whether the working classes, as a whole, shall be enfranchised or whether they shall not. It never presented itself in that shape before, for in the times of the Greeks the working classes were represented in many forms. Do you suppose it probable, when the knowledge of the principles of political economy has elevated the working classes, and when that elevation is continually progressing, that you can permanently exclude the whole mass of them from the franchise? It is the interest of the middle classes to set about solving the problem; and, to prevent any danger, they ought to do so without further delay.

The hon. gentleman resumed his seat amid prolonged and enthusiastic cheering.

The following resolution, moved by Mr. Samuel Stott (the ex-Mayor), was then proposed and carried unanimously:—

That this meeting, having heard the annual address of Mr. Richard Cobden, M.P., hereby expresses the heartiest approval of the course he has pursued during the last Session of Parliament, again affirms its confidence in him as its representative, and resolves to accord him in future a most cordial and enthusiastic support.

AUSTRIA AND MEXICO.

SUBJOINED is a translation of the official text of the compact concluded between the Emperor of Austria, on the one hand, and his brother, the Archduke Maximilian—now Emperor of Mexico—on the other, before the assumption by the latter of an Imperial crown in the New World:—

The most illustrious Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian having communicated to his Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty his resolution to accept the proffered throne of Mexico, and there, by the help of God, to found an empire, his Majesty, in family council, did take into consideration the conditions under which he, as the head of the Archducal House, could, in accordance with his sovereign duties, give his consent to the proposed State Act.

As a consequence of the deliberations on the subject in question, his Majesty the Emperor, on the one hand, and the Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian, on the other, did agree to the following conditions:—

Art. I. His Imperial Highness the most illustrious Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian does, for himself and his descendants, renounce all claim to the succession to the throne of the empire of Austria, and to all the kingdoms and countries the empire pertaining, in favour of the other male scions of the House of Austria and of their male descendants having rights of succession. And that in such a way that, in as long as there shall—in accordance with the existing laws of the House of Austria, in respect to the order of succession, and more particularly of the family law which, under the name of the pragmatic sanction, was made on the 19th of April, 1713, by the Emperor Charles VI., and of the family statute issued on the 3rd of February, 1839, by his Majesty the Emperor Ferdinand I.—be Archdukes having claims to the succession, or descendants of the same in the most distant degree, neither his Imperial Highness nor his descendants, nor any one in their name, shall ever be able to make the least claim to the said succession.

Art. II. This act of renunciation extends to all privileges connected with the right of succession, and, consequently, to the privilege given by the family statute to act, under certain conditions, as guardian to the heir presumptive to the throne, he being a minor.

Art. III. Should, however—which God forefend—all the other Archdukes and their male descendants die, his Imperial Highness reserves for himself and for his male descendants—being the issue of lawful and equal marriages contracted in accordance with the statutes and customs of the Austrian Archducal House—all the rights of succession which appertain to him in virtue of the Austrian law of primogeniture and of the above-mentioned family statute, as in such case the act of renunciation contained in Art. I. can be prejudicial neither to his Imperial Highness nor to his posterity. In respect to the rights of the female descendants, in default of heirs male, the regulations contained in the above-mentioned documents concerning the rights of succession are to remain unchanged. But in no case can the illustrious descendants of his Imperial Highness hold the reins of government unless they are of the Roman Catholic faith.

Art. IV. His Imperial Highness further declares for himself and his male and female descendants that he, under the subjoined conditions, renounces all claim to the present and to the future personal or real property of the most illustrious Archducal House, whether such claim be based on ties of blood, birth, or custom.

Should extraordinary circumstances occur and lead to an important change in the newly-established relations of his Imperial Highness, he and his descendants are entitled to claim a participation in the revenue arising from the family maintenance fund in such manner as is provided for in regard to the Sovereign branches of the most illustrious Archducal House in paragraph forty-four of the family statute of Feb. 3, 1839.

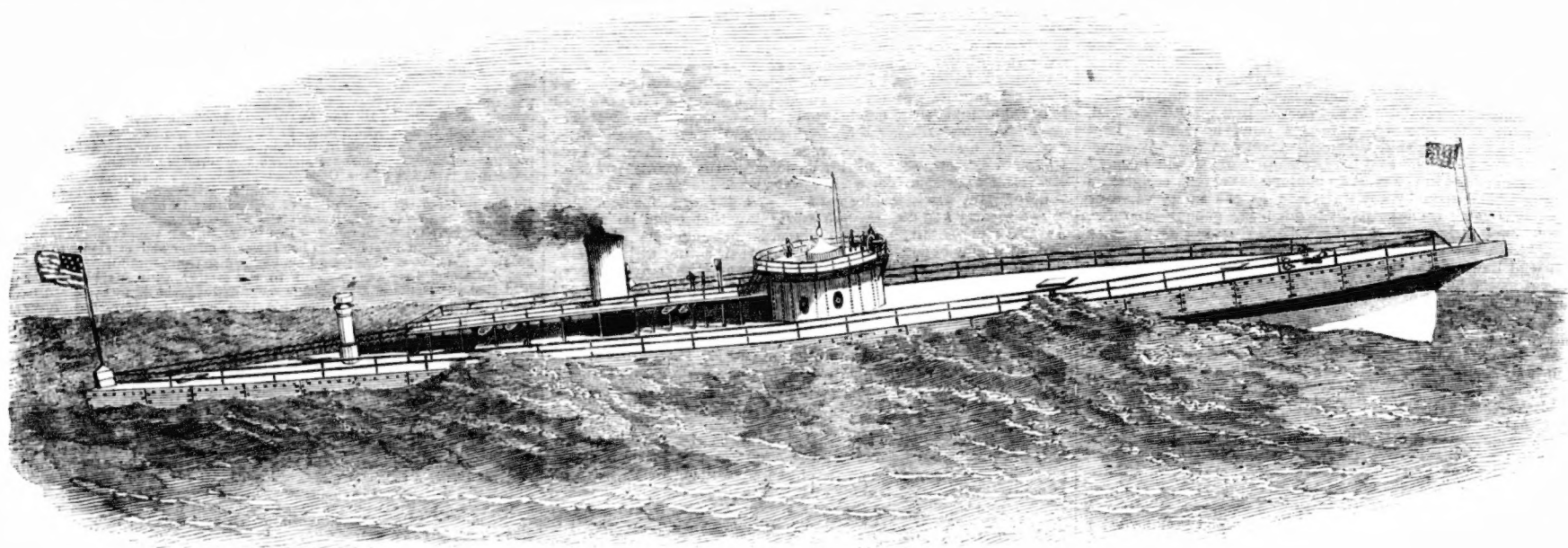
Should it unfortunately so happen that all the other illustrious Archdukes and their male descendants die, and that the heirs male of his Imperial Highness come to the throne, or should it happen that the male line of the Austrian House is totally extinct and that their rights in virtue of the above-mentioned regulations relative to the succession have devolved on the female descendants of his Imperial Highness, then and in such case all the claims of his Imperial Highness and his descendants on the family property of the most illustrious Archducal House, whether arising from ties of blood, birth, or custom, shall be in full force.

Art. V. As regards hereditary claims on the personal and real property of members of the Imperial House and of their descendants who may have died intestate, the regulations contained in paragraph 39 of the family statute of the 3rd of February, 1839, for those members of the Imperial House who enjoy sovereign rights are to remain in full force. But his Imperial Highness, for himself and his descendants, reserves the right to accept presents from his illustrious relatives, or to derive benefit from their testamentary dispositions, or to inherit property from other persons, in as long as the rights of the Archducal House are thereby in no way encroached on.

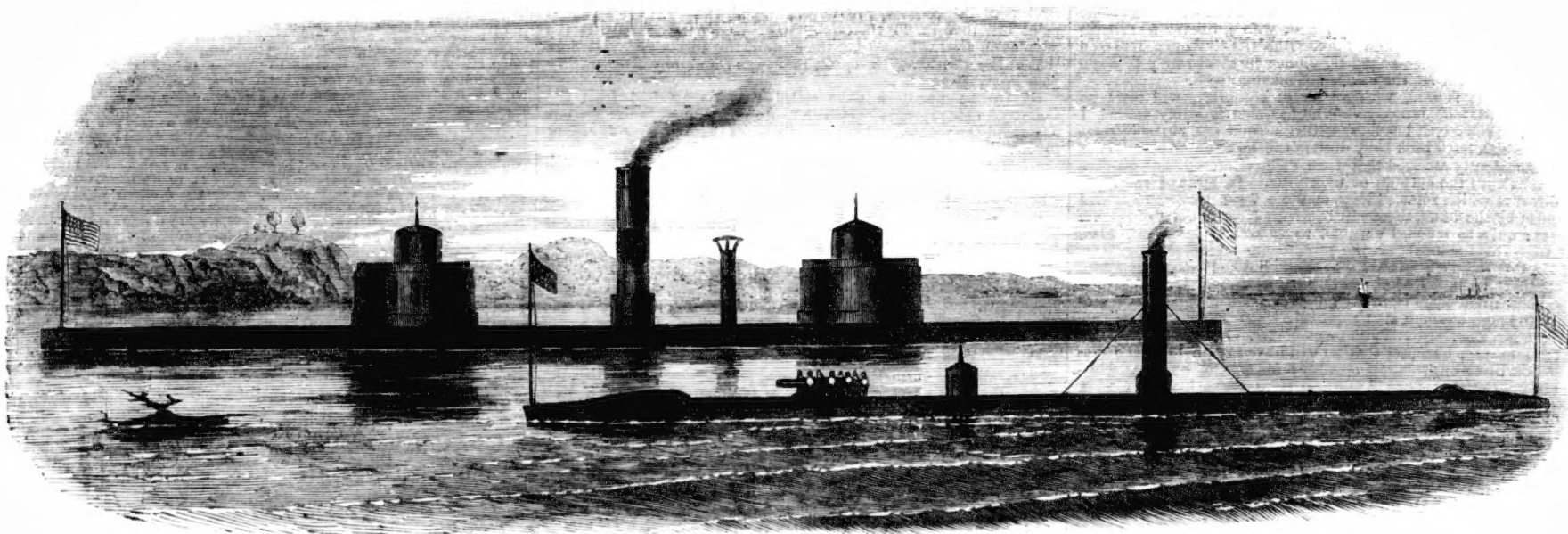
In witness whereof the present compact was made in two copies, which were signed and sealed by his Imperial Royal Apostolic Majesty on the one hand, and the Most Illustrious Archduke Ferdinand Maximilian on the other.

Done in Chateau Miramar, on the 9th day of April, in the year 1864.

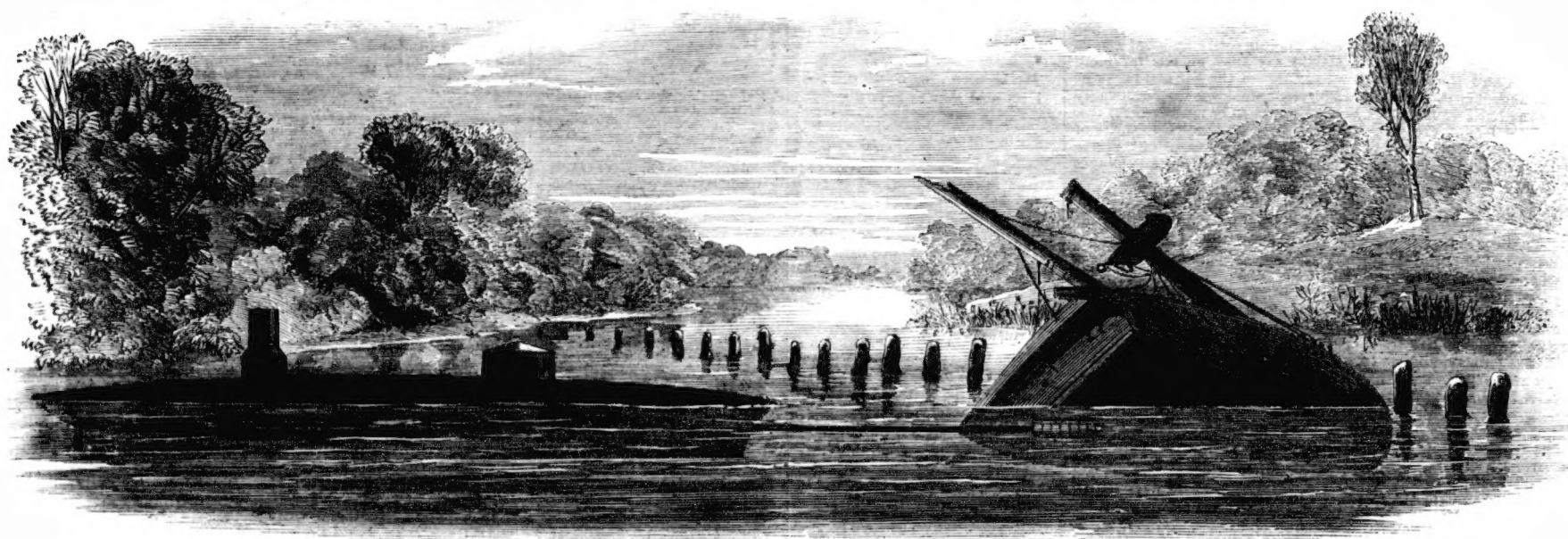
NOVELTIES IN AMERICAN IRONCLADS.



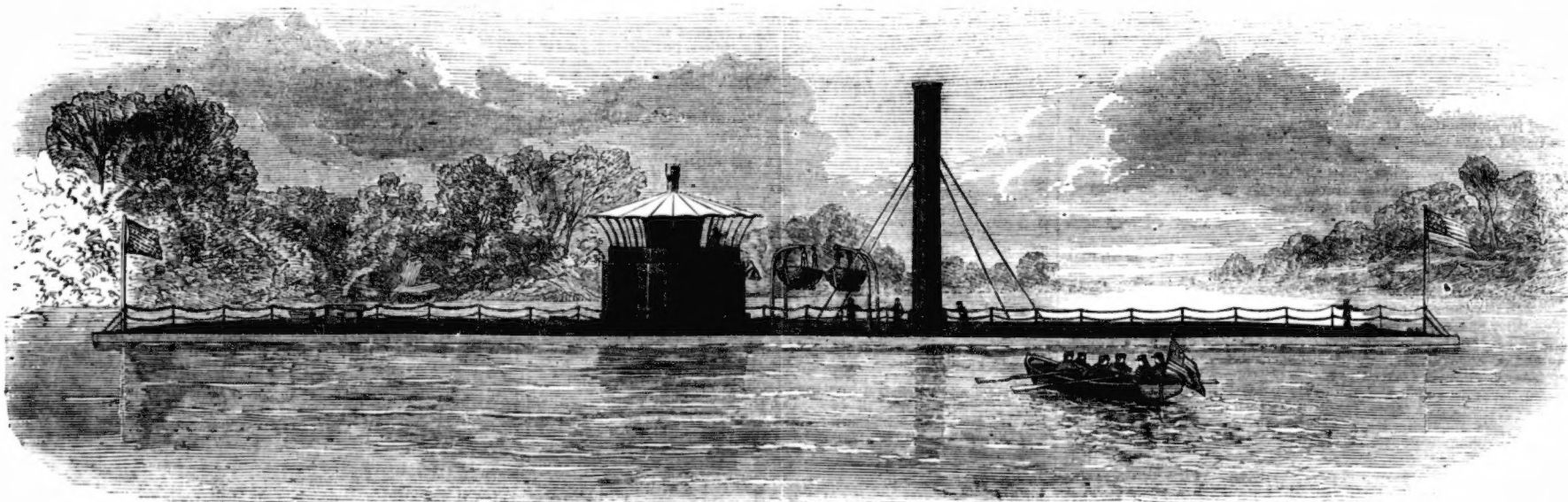
THE OCEAN MONITOR DICTATOR.



DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR MONADNOCK, AND THE MONITOR TORPEDO BOAT NAPA, STRIPPED FOR ACTION.



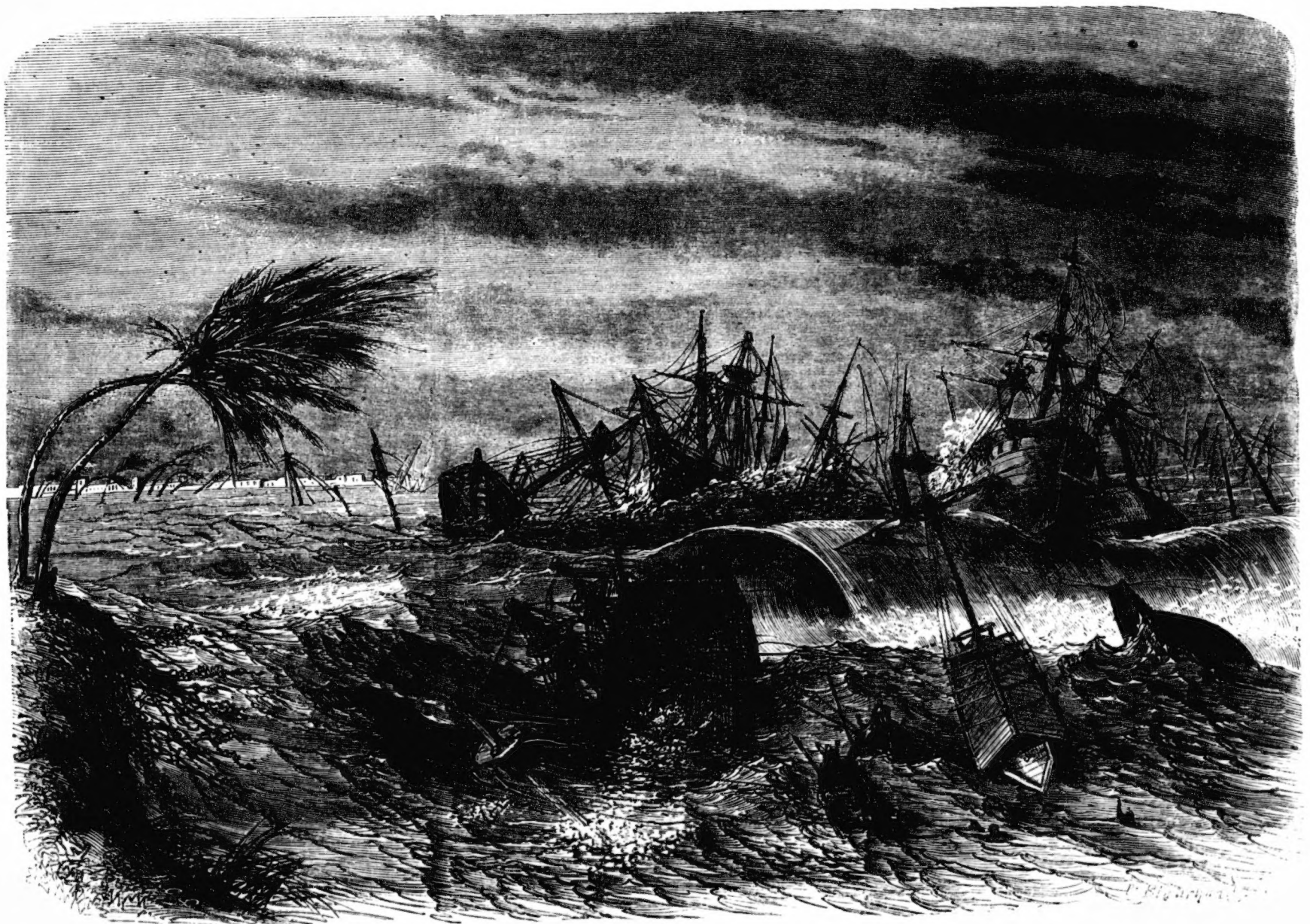
A TORPEDO-BO. T.



THE LIGHT DRAUGHT MONITOR TUNIS.



CALCUTTA, SKETCHED FROM THE DECK OF A STEAMER IN THE HOOGLHY JUST BEFORE THE BORE WAS COMING UP AND THE HURRICANE COMING ON.



THE HURRICANE AT CALCUTTA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY L. ROUSSELET)

THE LATE CYCLONE AT CALCUTTA.

IN recent Numbers we published details of the terrible hurricane which visited Calcutta on the 5th of October. From accounts received from other places in the neighbourhood, it appears that great damage has also been done in various directions. The barracks at Barrackpore were completely blown down, and like occurrences took place at other points. The total damage and loss of life have not yet been accurately ascertained, but are beyond all doubt immense. One of the accompanying Engravings shows the scene presented during the hurricane, and the other the city before the storm came on. This latter View was taken from the deck of a river-steamer anchored in the Hooghly off the native part of Calcutta, and close to the Ghat where the bodies of the Hindoos are burnt.

Vultures, huge adjutants, and other birds of prey, infest this spot in large numbers, perched on every available housetop and wall, anxiously awaiting opportunities to pounce down and carry off remnants of the too often only half-consumed bodies. The shores are always densely crowded with every description of native boat, from the large, rude but picturesque oolakh to the light, cranky dingee; whilst down nearly to the water's edge are the ugly, hog-backed, thatched huts used as warehouses by the natives. One of these large native boats is shown in the foreground of the picture, with its thatched top, bamboo framework, and matted sides, whilst the boat itself is somewhat like a roughly-built Thames coal-barge. At the time the sketch was taken an unusual excitement pervaded everyone in the boats and on the riverside. The Calcutta and Howrah ferry steam-boat seemed pushing her way across with unwonted speed, and a buzz of voices and cries came swelling and falling with the fitful gusts of wind which swept over the water, evidently betokening the hurricane blowing up; whilst the "bore" which visits this river every month with great severity, bounding in one huge wave up the river from point to point, was expected every moment, and from all sides the cry went up, "Humam ata! humam ata!" "The bore is coming!" Even when unaccompanied by wind, the bore frequently engulphs boats unprepared to meet it, and carries away ships from their moorings; but when, as is often the case, it is accompanied with squalls and storms, many casualties result; though it is rare that such terrible disasters happen as that which occurred on the 5th of October last.

Literature.

Dangerous Connexions. A novel. By CHARLES GIBBON. 3 vols. Maxwell.

The world has undergone great changes in its notions as to what makes a readable story. There are people nowadays who read "Frankenstein," and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and "The Hungarian Brothers," though not many. Books like "The Children of the Abbey," by Regina Maria Roche, have been exposed in decent show-windows within our own recollection; and "The Old English Baron," "The Castle of Otranto," and "Evelina" are still to be found in cheap issues of the class which includes "Culpeper's Herbal" and "Drilincourt on Death." But who would, at the present time, dare to think of writing a "story" like that of "Hudibras" for any work of fancy whatsoever? Who would dare to write and print books like the "Hermesprong," of Robert Bage (the Quaker papermaker, and friend of Hutton, of Birmingham), or like the "Sorrows of Werter"? How they would be laughed at if printed! And how Mr. Mudie would not subscribe to them, though he takes a great many much worse books! In point of fact, although fashion alone cannot give a book a firm hold of the general mind, yet it may very well prevent a good book whose manner is not in the fashion being so far received as to make a favourable impression. Once admitted as your guest, a man might make you like him, whom nevertheless your servant would not announce without a giggle behind his back, even if he announced him at all and did not turn him away.

These things and others of the same kind are just as well remembered, if only as a check upon the arrogance of criticism. The history of the fortunes of works of art is full of anomalies. Herrick and George Herbert have, probably, a much larger appreciative public than they had in their own days; and the number of people who admire Dryden (more or less intelligently) is, perhaps, quite as great as that of the public who admired him living. But if a writer, with all Dryden's power, were now to arise, and issue a volume of poems in the heroic couplet, what chance would the book stand? Unless, indeed, it bore some such name on the titlepage as that of Moxon, and were nursed into its first publicity by friends who knew a thing or two. Otherwise you might as well try to revive the "Rival Queens" at Covent Garden, or bring out the "Grand Cyrus" in shilling monthly parts.

The conditions of successful story-writing may seem to be very simple, but they have really grown into very serious complexity. We have now an enormous public of well-educated but exceedingly common-place people who create the "demand" for novels, and actually rule the market. In real, downright quality of mind, these people are just about the same as those who, twenty years ago, were reading "Ada the Betrayed," and "The Bronze Statue; or, The Virgin's Kiss;" but, in superficial taste and ostensible culture, they are greatly superior. Hence the demand for what is called the sensation novel—which, it has been rightly enough said, is nothing new. What the best critics of all classes complain of, is not strong interest, strong passion, or tragic incident, though it has been attempted to divert the discussion to that issue. No! what they quarrel with is the lowness of the level on which the great passions are played off against each other, and the vulgar quality of the light in which men's and women's minds are shown to us. And this is a fair ground of complaint, even if there were no other.

We do not know if the author of "Dangerous Connexions" has any idea of making one in the band who are going to try to lead the public taste to some middle ground between the "sensation" novel and the novel of "society." But we should say he has qualifications for the task. Although his manner is quiet, he is strong in plot-interest, and he knows how to vary his canvas with figures of widely different types. He tells his story straight on, and is not afraid of the truth. It is not every novelist who will candidly tell you that a rapturous lover kissed his darling's nose; but since it is difficult to administer either what Browning calls "the moth's kiss," or "the bee's kiss," without touching the lady's nose, an artist is fully justified in suggesting that that feature did not escape. There are points in Mr. Gibbon's style which make one fancy that he is accustomed to write for the stage, and perhaps he would write better plays than novels. But we hope to meet him again, with enlarged experience and a firmer touch.

Brigandage in South Italy. By DAVID HILTON. 2 vols. Sampson Low and Co.

Mr. Hilton has unintentionally hit upon a new and expressive kind of title. He writes the history of modern Southern Italy and calls it "brigandage." Meant in all seriousness, the phrase might pass as a joke; but a reading of the book proves the joke to be of the grimmest description. It will be as well to pass over the brief accounts given of earlier history and see the subject of the book in its reference to modern times. Various circumstances have united to conduce to brigandage in the Southern Italian States. Amongst them must be especially noticed the geographical peculiarities of the country, which render such practices easy, for mountaineers can always make themselves secure from any possible retaliation from the more delicate inhabitants of the plains. The successive monarchs have not attempted to check brigandage by the adoption of road-making or the founding of military police. On the contrary, they have somewhat nourished the nefarious habits of the lower orders, as a good means of checking the rise of a substantial middle class, which has ever been the consistent opponent of tyranny. Again, the taste of blood has had much to do with it. Centuries

ago, the chiefs of the fighting classes had nothing to do when war was over: they could do nothing but make warfare, and could not comfortably do without making it. This met with no sovereign opposition in those days; and the reader will remember that in America it meets with no opposition in these. Only that instead of the Federal army (when the rebellion is over—one way or another) betaking itself to the Rocky Mountains for simple brigandage, it is said that Canada and the English Constitution will have to suffer, instead of a purse more or less and an occasional throat. The Bourbons have been the brigands' best friends. Although Ferdinand I. certainly instituted some mild measures for their suppression, they then, as since, received all Royal favour as soon as Royalty was made to run away. The famous and infamous Fra Diavolo and Cardinal Ruffo were regal pets—both holding army commissions and titles, but both being undeniable brigands. The operative hero, however, met his fate during the reign of Joseph Bonaparte. He was hanged wearing the uniform of a Brigadier-General of Ferdinand, embroidered with the arms of the Duke of Cassano. Joseph would have been content to pardon him as a General, or to have kept him a prisoner of war, but he refused to pardon a robber and assassin simply because he wore the uniform of a General. Under Murat brigandage was severely checked by the uncompromising exertions of Colonel Manhès and others, the account of which is a series of frightful reprisals which is horrible but fascinating. It was not to be expected that crime would decrease after the restoration of Ferdinand and the brief career of Francis I., the exciting incidents of which need not be repeated here. Since then, also, it is easy enough to see that no attempt at improvement has been made. The second Ferdinand and the second Francis were fair followers of their progenitors, and, secretly or publicly, there is no doubt of their connivance with ruffianism as soon as their positions became endangered through nations being "trod like the worm" (and to alter Byron), until they "turn upon power." The modern events of the three or four reigns are given at length in Mr. Hilton's volumes, which are of great interest, although compiled in so loose a style as to be of little permanent value. Before long the events will be written, not selected in masses from other writers, sometimes anonymous and frequently unknown. In the mean time they are sufficiently valuable to prove the righteousness of all that has happened during the past five years, and to prove Mr. Gladstone and General Garibaldi to be heroes of truth and of courage.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Campion Court; a Tale of the Days of the Ejectment Two Hundred Years Ago. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. Virtue Brothers.
Golden-Hair; a Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers. By SIR LASCELLES WRAXALL, Bart. Eight Illustrations. S. Low and Co.
Freaks on the Fells, &c. By R. M. BALLANTYNE. Illustrated. Routledge and Co.
The Young Yachtsmen. By ANNE BOWMAN. With Illustrations. Routledge and Co.
The White Brunswickers. By the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, M.A. With Illustrations. Routledge and Co.
Fifty Famous Women; their Virtues and Failings. Numerous Wood Engravings. Ward and Lock.

The literature which compliments the decline and commencement of the year always has amongst it a good proportion designed for tastes not as yet romantic nor philosophical—not intended to lift readers far out of themselves by intensity of interest in others, nor yet to make them careless of humanity through the medium of abstruse disquisition. In brief, it is literature for young people, and should be calculated to interest and instruct, and to teach those many things requisite for the proper placing of the mind in the world, which cannot possibly be learned from any amount of ordinary school-books. It is evident, therefore, that such literature should be glanced at by others than the precise class of readers for whom it is written. To a great extent, parents may make their children what they please—at least, for a time; for it will be remembered that the students of Mrs. Triumpher soon ceased to be trim; and in the present days the juvenile admirers of Captain Mayne Reid are not likely to linger over scalps and leave croquet and young ladies alone, and which, by-the-way, would be flying in the face of the Captain's pen-and-ink.

This season we have with all due gravity inspected the new crop of junior literature, and find it, without doubt, above the average. First, there is Miss Worboise's "Campion Court: a Tale of the Days of the Ejectment Two Hundred Years Ago." This is a decided advance on the former stories, "The Lillingstones," "Lottie Lonsdale," &c. It has historic and domestic interest, and gives a fair, lifelike view of the first few years of the Restoration. But it is only fair to explain at once that Miss Worboise has a bias of opinion in favour of the Puritans, which does not, indeed, interfere with the truth of her historical pages, but might operate as a one-sided argument on an undisciplined mind. Now, it will not do for the young ladies and gentlemen of England to grow up like Irish Judges, and wish to hear only one side of the question, for fear of being puzzled. And so readers are requested to remember that, with all his faults, Charles II. was merry, that he "never said a foolish thing," and that amongst his sayings there is the famous "Let not poor Nelly starve." "Campion Court" is an excellent story. Sir Anthony Mordaunt, a staunch old Puritan, is at his place in the West when news comes of the death of the Protector. Speedily follows the Restoration, and, notably, the Non-conformity Act, and the usual machinery of stories of the period is soon in full play. The virtuous nonconforming pastor is protected in the secret chambers, and the rough Royalist Guards who seek him are discomfited. Sir Anthony's eldest daughter, Amabel, marries Ralph Burlington, who after a time becomes enamoured of the gaities of the Court and makes his wife miserable. Muriel, the youngest daughter, marries another nonconforming Curate, and when he is cast into Newgate, and Muriel goes up to London to plead his release from the King, that merry Monarch actually, with the assistance of Ralph Burlington, manages to have her conveyed to one of his own private palaces—the wicked man! On such material is the book founded. Far be it from us to betray the varied fortunes of the various characters. Of course the Plague is called in, and, finally, there is just a flash of the Fire. "Campion Court" will be read with great interest.

The Nonconformist ejectment, two hundred years ago, of Miss Worboise, naturally leads to Sir Lascelles Wraxall's new story for youth, "Golden-Hair: A Tale of the Pilgrim Fathers." This is a clever mingling of the fortunes of red skins and white, with the Cooper-like truthfulness of showing that all is not gold on either side, whether it glitters or not. It should be read carefully, and deserves such attention. Golden-Hair, to begin with, is not a girl, but a fine young Anglo-Dane; and he and an elder companion are always going about doing good service with their rifles and canoes to the oppressed; always being in great danger, and always escaping it. There are two English girls, or rather French, or half of each; but the chief beauty of the story is the Indian girl, Hih-lah-dih, "The Pure Spring." Of course, she saves Golden-Hair's life; and he marries, as do many more. But poor Hih-lah-dih puts an end to her misery—her love for Golden-Hair himself. Many historical characters, rather shadowy to most readers, find place in this volume. But what with history, historical characters, Indian names and Indian translations, together with a marvellous rapidity of incident, the utmost attention to the story is indispensable. But the reader must not be denied the pleasure of turning his glance upon Mr. T. Morton's beautiful wood engravings.

Mr. R. M. Ballantyne issues two stories in one volume, called "Freaks on the Fells; or, Three Months' Rustication," and "Why I did not become a Sailor." The "Freaks on the Fells" is the account of a three months' tour in the Highlands, made by a City merchant, Mr. John Mudberry, and his family. They are a hearty, amiable set of people, and upon the whole enjoy the fun. There are no Indians, bears, nor tigers; but John Mudberry joins in every possible sport, together with all his family, and Mr. Leech's inimitable Mr. Briggs himself could not encounter more accidents and annoyances. But these are always of a most ludicrous kind, and

are always taken in the best manner possible. It is intended to be very comic, but it falls off from the "very." The second story, "Why I did not become a Sailor," is a transparent piece of amusing absurdity, which from the first may be recognised as a dream. It is difficult to know whether its moral is "Do not go to sea, because it's dangerous," or "Never disobey your father and mother." There are, however, plenty of boys who will insist upon taking their choice. Here the illustrations are commendable enough. They are anonymous, but one at least may be traced to Mr. H. K. Browne.

"The Young Yachtsmen; or, the Wreck of the Gipsy," is a book much to our taste. It has a solidity which raises it above the standard of ephemeral reading, and will certainly induce its young readers to go through it a second time. With the simple machinery of a family in search of health for the eldest son, and the offer of a cruise in a yacht by a gallant uncle R. N., some variety of good society, men and women, boys and girls, is got together, and an old soldier and an old sailor add salt, which tells well. In escaping from pirates, the Gipsy is wrecked, but all are saved; and, of course, certain necessary articles are driven on shore. The adventurous travellers, who have already had some adventures in Russia, Sweden, Norway, and Iceland, then travel boldly down the north of Lapland, where they are wrecked, and finally turn up safe at home, with husbands and wives for everybody, and much good done to all. The descriptions of life in "high latitudes" should be heartily welcomed by youngsters who would find Baring Gould dull and a great part of Lord Dufferin incomprehensible. There are touches of botany, plenty of sporting, and terrible dangers of all kinds. There are nice girls to talk to all the way, and many of the people have just as much character as their brothers and sisters who appear in three volumes, and without the animated pictures which adorn "The Young Yachtsmen."

The Rev. H. C. Adams is well known as author of "Tales of Charlton School" and "Schoolboy Honour," books calculated to turn boys into gentlemen through incidents which lead to a little grave talk, instead of punishment, from the great above them. His new book, "The White Brunswickers; or, Reminiscences of School-boy Life," is of the same kind, and in no way inferior to its predecessors, although somewhat grim in the way in which the incidents are made to serve the turn of morality. For instance, in the story itself, one boy actually dies—dies in consequence of "bullying;" and, in an incidental story told, a boy dies most horribly through the same cause. Also, in "The White Brunswickers," two black sheep of the school, who have tortured the young son of a Mohammedan Rajah, become officers in the late Company's service and fall into their old companion's power, when they are killed under circumstances too terrible to be mentioned. The old story of "Tommy and Harry" is better morality. To be killed by a lion is one kind of punishment, if it can be admitted to be punishment at all; but to show up revenge as a punishment is quite without the pale of Christianity. Perhaps the majority of parents and pedagogues teach how punishment comes from another quarter. This serious question we may safely leave for the present, admitting that Mr. Adams has written a readable and good book, which boys will like. "Schoolboy honour" is largely involved in it, and all that leads to the excellent precepts given will be appreciated by boys in reality. The various stories, all connected, which make up the volume are well sketched, with a knowledge of boys' character and psychical interest which are artistic and valuable. The illustrations are unusually literal for everyday life, although the drawback may, paradoxically, be held as excuse for the literalness.

The writer of "Fifty Famous Women—their Virtues and Failings," and the Lesson of their Lives," does not give his name. The book is here classed with junior literature, on the assumption that young people require something less erudite than their kindred of larger growth. Here they have got it. The book appears to have been an accident. Fifty women—or, by-the-way, only forty-seven—have not been selected, but have been taken at random; and brief sketches of the most desultory description given, without any attempt at arrangement. Such characters as Lady Rachel Russell, Lucy Hutchinson, and Mme. Lavalette, receive as much attention as could be expected; but the majority read like a collection of newspaper anecdotes, and answer no purpose of biography. The sins of commission and of omission occur grandly: that might almost be assumed. But it is impossible to pass over the very small talk of moralising which pervades some of the sketches, or the carelessness as regards dates which characterises all. The book is weak, and will answer none but a weak purpose.

FUNERAL CEREMONY IN THE CRIMEA.

At the Congress held at Paris, after the close of the war in the Crimea the cemeteries and burial-places of the Allied Army were placed under the protection of the Russian Government; and on the proposition of the French Minister for War, and by order of the Emperor of the French, arrangements were made to unite on one spot all the French tombs scattered under the walls of Sebastopol. The ground granted by the Russian Government for this purpose was that on which the head-quarters of the French army were situated. It is of square shape, about two acres and a half in extent, and is surrounded by a stone wall. All branches of the French army have a special funeral monument within this inclosure, and each individual inscription connected with the isolated graves around has been carefully removed to the new cemetery. In the centre of the inclosure rises a mausoleum specially designed to receive the mortal remains of Generals Brunet, Breton, De Lavarande, De Pontevès, Rivet, De Saint-Pol, and Perrin de Joazeux. The bodies of Generals Bizot, Mayran, De Lourmel, and De Marolles were removed to France during the war.

On the morning of the 25th of October last the ceremony was inaugurated by placing the remains of the seven general officers mentioned within the tomb destined for their reception, which was effected under the superintendence of a captain of engineers who had charge of the works connected with the cemetery. The coffins, covered with black velvet, and each bearing a white cross, were conveyed on carriages to within a few hundred yards of the entrance, where the garrison of Sebastopol, the third battalion of the Grand Duke Michael's regiment, commanded by Colonel Janofsky, was drawn up under arms. Vice-Admiral Kislinsky, the Governor of Sebastopol, with many Russian naval and military officers and a great number of inhabitants, were present to witness the ceremony and pay the last honours to the mortal remains of the gallant generals. At ten o'clock, a Roman Catholic priest from Simpheropol, who had arrived to conduct the religious portion of the ceremony, commenced the chant for the dead. The troops presented arms, while the band played a funeral hymn, and the Russian colour was lowered as a salute to the bodies of the brave generals. When the signal for departure was given, some Russian officers advanced to bear the coffins, two or three companies of the troops formed a double line, while the battalion formed in columns of companies. The procession then set out towards the cemetery, the Vice-Admiral walking immediately after the last funeral car. As soon as the office for the dead had been recited, and before the coffins were lowered into the vault of the central monument, the priest blessed the ground, where, for the future, will repose the ashes of the French generals, officers, non-commissioned officers, and private soldiers who fell before the walls of the beleaguered city. Then the battalion fired a parting volley over the tomb, whilst the drums beat to arms, and thus was paid the last homage of respect due to brave men who had died in arms. The removal of the remains of the French soldiers was then proceeded with, and without delay all were consigned to their last resting-place within the sacred inclosure. The care of the cemetery is confided to a retired French captain. The Russian Governor-General lent every assistance in his power to forward the completion of the works, and thus showed his sympathy with the sentiment which had actuated the French Government in the task it had undertaken, and his desire to carry out the wishes of the Russian authorities.

BRIGANDAGE IN ROME.—An Irish abbé, who had arrived by railway in Rome, went into a café at the station to get some refreshment. Wishing afterwards to proceed to the college, he applied for a guide. A man presented himself who spoke a few words in English, and they started together. Instead, however, of taking the abbé to the college, the fellow led him into the Strada Macao, where two other men joined them. The abbé was immediately attacked by the three, robbed of all he possessed, and also received two violent blows in the face, which knocked out two of his teeth.

MR. COX AND HIS CONSTITUENTS.—Mr. Cox, M.P., addressed a very large number of his constituents, in the Agricultural Hall, on Tuesday evening. He reviewed the proceedings of the last Session of Parliament. He made special allusion to the course he pursued in reference to Mr. Stansfeld. He said he had taken that course—not believing the charges against Mr. Stansfeld to be true—in order to enable that gentleman to give a full explanation. In doing so he did but carry out the wishes of Mr. Stansfeld himself. A number of electors, however, seemed to be much dissatisfied with the conduct of the hon. gentleman in that affair. At the conclusion of the hon. gentleman's speech, a vote of confidence in him was proposed, and, after some discussion, agreed to by a large majority.

OUR FEUILLETON.

MY UNCLE THE BANDIT.

I.

My uncle, I must tell the reader to begin with, was an honest, unpretending citizen, of simple manners and easy-going disposition. A bachelor, and enjoying an independent fortune, he had no ambition, and esteemed nothing so highly as a quiet, regulated life. Gifted with a pacific temperament, he was at a loss to understand what mysterious influence induced the different nations of the earth occasionally to cut each others' throats, and for what motives princes were continually wishing to increase their dominions. He would willingly have adopted the views of the Peace Societies or of that excellent Abbé de Saint-Pierre who, as a means of preventing European warfare, wished to establish a supreme tribunal, before which kings and emperors might solve their difficulties. If my uncle was a peaceable nature, his thirst after adventure was slight in proportion, and the chimney-corner had for him irresistible attractions. His travelling experiences were confined to an occasional journey from the little town in which he resided to the chief one of his department, and this sufficed his sedentary tastes. Had the discovery of a new world been proposed to him, and had it been necessary for this purpose to have gone beyond the radius of eighteen miles, he would obstinately have refused the fame of such an enterprise. I will not say by what unforeseen circumstances my worthy uncle was led to Rome, on a visit to his nephew Cornelius, a young painter of the French school, sent there to study by the Academy: it will be enough to say that he went thither with extreme repugnance and forced by an imperious necessity. At Rome Cornelius performed the part of an attentive cicero to my uncle, and pointed out to him the most remarkable monuments of antiquity, which but slightly interested my respectable relation; for, as he afterwards told us, he saw in them ruins of a much less imposing character than the Byzantine steeple of his native place. Whatever may have been the cause, and after a system of diplomacy reflecting the highest honour on Cornelius, my uncle, one fine evening, allowed himself to be conducted to Naples, a little against his will, it is true, for on quitting the city of the Caesars, the worthy man had in view but a short excursion in the neighbourhood; great, therefore, was his astonishment on awaking to learn he was in the capital of Calabria. But the thing was done, and the only choice left was to submit with a good grace. My uncle consequently resigned himself and bowed his head before the capriciousness of his nephew. Ah, if he could only have foreseen at this moment the romantic adventures in store for him!

Naples at this period was completely engrossed by the exploits of a bandit named Tiepolo, who, at the head of a numerous troop, unmercifully pillaged those travellers that chance or postillions brought in his way. The authorities, as a means of repression, had imagined nothing better than setting a price on his head; but no one cared to go and take it, and the robberies continued with a hopeless regularity.

My uncle's hostess, the Signora Teresita, nourished a particular hatred against Tiepolo. Though she had nothing personal to reproach him with, she detested him in anticipation of the evil he might one day or other cause her. This system of argument did not admit of dispute, as my uncle very judiciously observed. Teresita's son, Beppo, was as hard as his mother on the bandit chief, with this difference, that he pretended to have been his victim. Intelligent, his eyes bright and full of fire, with features displaying a strange mixture of cunning and energy, and a tall and well-knit figure, he perfectly realised the historical type of his famous countryman Masaniello. He did not reside with his mother, but devoted himself to trading with the neighbouring islands. My uncle and Cornelius soon suspected him of having no other pursuits than smuggling. His occasionally mysterious ways, his rare visits, made always after nightfall, the presents he loaded his mother with, and a thousand circumstances of a similar nature, contributed to give strength to these suppositions. As to Teresita, she was ignorant of Beppo's calling, or else she played her part like a finished actress; for the praises she lavished on her son were inexhaustible. According to her account he was a model of honesty and virtue. She did not love him, she adored him.

II.

It was now fifteen days since the arrival of our travellers, who had successively visited Portici, Vesuvius, Herculaneum, the Posilippo, Solfataro—in a word, all that Naples and its neighbourhood possesses of interest—when all at once Cornelius manifested a desire to go to Caserta.

No sooner was this made known than my uncle, willing or not, was obliged to give way to it.

He certainly hazarded some few timid objections; but Cornelius put a seal on his lips by telling him that in the vicinity of Caserta were the ruins of Capua—a city much too famous to allow of my uncle not seeing all that remained of it. The journey was therefore resolved on.

At this news Teresita gave vent to loud lamentations. To trust oneself in the mountains was, said she, to rush deliberately into Tiepolo's power; and, besides, the road to Caserta passed through his domains. Her guests would never think of being so imprudent; she would never consent to it. In short, the worthy matron employed the most persuasive eloquence. She did not, however, succeed in changing her guests' resolution.

In the main, my uncle was sincerely of her opinion; but his dignity would not allow him to confess that he feared an Italian bandit. He even treated Teresita's terrors with a smile of contempt quite martial in character. Should he dare show himself, Tiepolo would have to maintain a bold front.

However, as a measure of precaution, my uncle thought it right to hire a special conveyance, and to leave Naples at an early hour, so as to arrive at Caserta before night. In this way they would have nothing to dread from Tiepolo's band, who seldom dared to make an attack in the open day.

These matters being arranged, a day was fixed, and at the hour agreed upon a carriage called for our travellers. This calico, as its proprietor pompously designated it, brought to mind, from its antiquated appearance and massive incongruity of form, recollections of another age. It was a box and not a carriage. My uncle made a remark to this effect, while installing himself as best he could in a corner of the said box, having Cornelius facing him. The vetturino, or driver, then closed the lid, promising to lose no time in reaching Caserta. He climbed to his seat, and the equipage heaved and tossed, drawn by two restive mules, who, at the moment of starting, thought fit to have a dispute with each other. These deplorable animals were, it seemed, to be the cause of my uncle's misfortunes.

The driver passed the first hour of the journey in quieting them. He expostulated with them in the most serious manner, occasionally interlarding his discourse with a cut from the whip, which did not fail to increase the team's bad humour.

For all that, the first portion of the journey was got over without any incident worthy of note. Caserta was but three leagues distant, when the perverse mules suddenly started off, with the bit between their teeth.

The road at this spot was a steep descent, with such numerous sharp and narrow turnings, that the carriage at each moment seemed as though it would be shattered to pieces against the rocks or else dashed over the precipice.

The poor vetturino vainly endeavoured to check his mules; his cries of despair, far from staying their mad career, added to their speed. At length the best thing that could happen came to pass. At one of the bends in the road the carriage was hurled against a rock with such force that it flew to pieces.

The two travellers rose safe and sound from amongst the fragments; the driver himself received but a few bruises, and the mules, as if they only awaited this finale, came to a quiet stop beside the

mutilated equipage. The coachman smote his breast over the ruins of this once-splendid vehicle.

My uncle, not wanting in a certain amount of philosophy, addressed to him a few words of seasonable consolation, and judiciously observed that the antiquity of the carriage would have caused it, at some not far-distant day, to have crumbled to dust of its own accord, like the fossil remains of animals discovered by savants in the bowels of the earth, and which the lightest touch reduces to powder.

My uncle left the vetturino but slightly convinced by this reasoning, and prepared bravely to reach Caserta on foot, which, as we have already remarked, was not very far from the scene of the catastrophe.

Cornelius did not greatly lament the accident. It permitted him to admire in detail the picturesque beauties of the country, and, at need, to transfer them to his sketch-book. Up to the present moment, then, there was no great mischief done.

The road bordered a hill and displayed to the eye the admirable perspective of the country sung by Virgil in his "Georgics;" and so fertile is it that in our own time it still rejoices in the name of *Campagna Felice*.

The sky was of a transparent blue, and the sun, gradually sinking to the sea, left behind it a long and brilliant train of light. The distant horizon seemed like a veil of fire, on which stood out, in bold relief, rustic villages, smiling plains, droves of cattle returning to their stalls, and, in the background, Mount Vesuvius.

It was a delicious view, almost one of enchantment; and Cornelius, as a matter of course, was transported with admiration. In a fit of enthusiasm, he took to climbing the rocks, so as to give additional breadth to the already majestic proportions of the landscape.

My uncle unwillingly followed, endeavouring to imbue himself with the poetical sentiments of his nephew, but could not realise them. The poor man perspired from every pore, and threw despairing looks at Cornelius, who, heedless of his companion's distressing groans, was gradually increasing the distance between him and the road to Caserta.

The two tourists did not come to a pause until they reached an elevated platform, whence the eye could embrace a magnificent scene, and well worthy of a painter's palette.

Once there, Cornelius prepared his brushes, spread his colours, opened his sketch-book, and quickly commenced to draw, leaving my uncle plunged in anything but a pleasing reverie.

In fact, spite of the surrounding beauties, my uncle's attention was fixed on but one circumstance—namely, that he was in the midst of mountains, and in an entirely deserted spot. Souvenirs of Tiepolo naturally awoke within him, and he mentally regretted not having given way to old Teresita's counsels. Eventually he confided these reflections to Cornelius.

"What do you fear?" asked the latter of him, with a smile on his lips. "Is it Tiepolo? Faith, he has but to present himself, he will be welcome; he would make a first-rate figure for my foreground."

"Oh! if that is all," said my uncle, simply, "I can act as a substitute for him."

"On my word," added Cornelius, continuing the thread of his ideas, "I should not be sorry for the adventure. It would allow me to give to the world a second edition of Salvator Rosa's famous subject."

As he finished these words a loud sound was heard caused by stones falling into the hollow beneath.

At this noise my uncle became pale; it is with pain that I avow it. But his terror was vastly increased a moment afterwards, when he saw emerge from below the platform edge the capacious muzzle of a blunderbuss, having in its wake an individual whose costume and general appearance was not calculated to inspire confidence.

"Oh, oh!" said Cornelius to himself on perceiving him, "has Chance overheard me?"

III.

The new comer wore the dress of a Calabrian mountaineer—knee-breeches, high gaiters, a red sash, and embroidered jacket. He was short, but his broad shoulders and well-knit frame gave indication of great muscular power. A thick, black beard hid a portion of his face, and contributed not a little to give him that rough and fierce look characteristic of a mountain people, and which seems to bear the impress of the savage nature surrounding them.

My uncle suspiciously observed the stranger's movements. He saw him approach Cornelius and peer inquisitively over the artist's shoulder at the sketch he was engaged upon.

"A fine view, Signor!" said he, bowing to the two travellers; "a fine view, but difficult to render."

"Yes, very difficult to render," stammered my uncle, who wished to conciliate the stranger.

"Do you find my drawing wanting in anything?" asked Cornelius, turning towards the unknown.

"It is correct, but cold," carelessly replied the latter. "It is not the warm and luminous sky of Italy. Your sun seems timid and miserly of his rays; ours, on the contrary, is bold and prodigal of them. It not only lights, it burns. Life, warmth; that is what your picture fails in, Signor."

"Yes, that is positively what is wanting in his picture," repeated my uncle, with an air of conviction that did more honour to his diplomacy than to his knowledge of painting. For we must do the worthy man the justice of saying that he had not even cast a glance at his nephew's work, but he wished to employ that eternal means of seduction which is almost always successful—flattery.

While Cornelius discussed the value of his opponent's reasoning, my uncle was lost in a mass of suppositions touching his identity.

Who could this strange individual be, who, under a common garb, expressed himself so learnedly and explained his thoughts with such eloquence? A bandit? At least, my uncle feared as much, and I unwillingly make the acknowledgement. The horrid blunderbuss gave an unpleasant turn to his reflection; but yet it did not seem feasible that a bandit should amuse himself by giving a lesson in drawing and arguing aesthetics at some hundreds of feet above the level of the sea. This peculiarity in a brigand was a source of great embarrassment to my uncle.

An idea suddenly illuminated his brain and cleared the clouds from his face. From one inference to another he had come to the conclusion that the stranger was a chamois-hunter. It clearly occurred to him, at the present moment, that a large number of mountaineers lived but by this productive chase; and he marvelled greatly at his simplicity in not having sooner classed the unknown amongst that interesting category.

In this way everything was explained, and the part played by the blunderbuss was purely inoffensive. Thus, like all those of gentle manners and pacific temperament, between two hypotheses, he hastened to adopt, and adopt unreservedly, the one that harmonised the most with his disposition.

In my uncle's eyes, then, the unknown was simply a hunter, who, like all Italians, possessed an instinctive taste for the beautiful in art. Strong in this ingenious discovery, my uncle passed from a condition of fear to one of the most absolute confidence.

In the meanwhile night was gradually closing in, and it became necessary to think of gaining Caserta, if they did not desire to sleep with the sky for a covering. Cornelius himself allowed the necessity of this, but he was greatly perplexed at the moment of starting. Surrounded by rocks and brambles, he no longer knew which path to take to reach the highway. My uncle was still less cognisant of their whereabouts.

Fortunately, the unknown came kindly to their assistance, and offered to serve them as guide. Living, as he told them, in the neighbourhood of Caserta, he would take them a short cut across the mountains, decreasing the distance by at least one half.

Our travellers accepted this offer, my uncle with eagerness, Cornelius with curiosity, for, not knowing what opinion to entertain of his Aristarchus, he was by no means sorry to form closer acquaintance with him.

All three set out then, and my uncle, to be agreeable to his new companion, started a discussion touching the influence of chamois skins on the trade of Naples. During half an hour he sung the

happy existence of those hardy men, who, disclaiming perils, followed their prey to the edge of precipices or to the top of the most lofty pinnacles. To all which the mountaineer quietly replied that this kind of existence was probably an enviable one; still, he had never felt the slightest inclination to indulge in it.

Let's wife changed to a pillar of salt must have felt less surprise than did my uncle at this unexpected declaration. He was not a chamois-hunter! What then? And at this question the innocent soul of my uncle was plunged in an ocean of painful perplexities.

IV.

In the mean time Cornelius and the unknown conversed with warmth on Italian art and its great schools. Cornelius was astounded when he heard his companion narrate the histories of the most famous masters of Naples and Florence and express opinions on many of them that gave evidence of an enlightened taste.

Overwhelmed with astonishment, the youth was about asking the secret of the strange contradiction existing between the roughness of his costume and the elevation of his ideas, when they arrived in a deep and narrow defile, on one of the declivities of which appeared and disappeared by turn in the darkness numerous lights.

At the same moment a human form stood out from behind the angle of a rock, and the dark muzzle of a carbine was presented in the direction of my uncle, who, terrified beyond measure, staggered like a drunken man, and clutched Cornelius by the arm.

An imperious, "Who goes there?" closely followed this aggressive demonstration.

My uncle thought his last hour had come; but the stranger made a mysterious sign, and the sinister apparition vanished in the gloom.

Cornelius turned towards his strange companion, who, with admirable coolness, took up the conversation at the point where it had been interrupted; then, noticing the absent manner of Cornelius,

"Your thoughts are of the Mountain King: am I not right?" he asked, smilingly.

"Of Tiepolo? Faith, Signor, I will not deny it. Besides, you will allow that the place is well chosen for the occupation."

"Truly, yes," replied the Italian, "I allow it with all my heart. And," added he, "are they still engaged at Naples in weaving the rope that is to hang this formidable personage?"

"I fancy they work but little at it."

"And I am sure they do not work at all," cried my uncle, loudly.

"On what do you found this certainty?" asked the stranger.

"Why, on the fear that he inspires. And then, between ourselves, he cannot be so black as popular credulity would have us believe: evil is always exaggerated."

"It is probable," added Cornelius; "in any case I should be curious to see this extraordinary man, who makes an entire province tremble."

Cornelius had his reasons for speaking thus; in fact, hardly had he finished these words, when he was met by a most courteous reply.

"I am happy, Signor, to be useful to you in being able to gratify one of your desires. I shall have the honour of introducing you to our captain."

My uncle stifled a cry of terror.

"Gentlemen," said the brigand, "you are my prisoners. I have treated you with the respect due to artists. A painter myself in my leisure moments, I profess the greatest esteem for my brothers in art, and it is a pleasure for me to meet them on the mountains."

Cornelius bowed. My uncle's knees bent under him.

A turn in the defile disclosed to their view an old ruined castle. The bandit gave a signal, a small door creaked on its hinges, and all three entered a sufficiently spacious courtyard, at the extremity of which rose an immense pile of building. From the loopholed windows came confused sounds of many voices, clinking of glasses, and songs, the wild melodies of which appeared at that hour of the night to partake of the supernatural.

"I think," said Cornelius to my uncle, "that the time has come for me to look after my pencils."

"And I my purse," replied my uncle, in undisguised trepidation.

(To be continued.)

AN EDITORIAL STATEMENT.—The *Geelong Chronicle*, heretofore a bi-weekly publication, is to be reduced to a weekly issue. The editor gives the following very sufficient reasons for this prudential limitation of its publishing liabilities:—"Because a large number of subscribers never pay at all. Because many of them pay once in two or three years, while the proprietor pays every Saturday (when he has the money). Because many of the subscribers state their clients are too poor to advertise in more than one paper, and the proprietor is too poor to advertise gratis. Because the farmers, who have been always, and still are, our fast friends, have, by a visitation of Providence, become too poor to encourage literature this present winter. Because the squatters say we go in for the people who eat their beef and mutton, and not for those who buy wool, and that in consequence the *Chronicle* is unworthy of their support—the logic of which reason it is very hard to discover. Because the legislature imposes a tax on the conveyance of newspapers through the post, which presses very hardly on the proprietor, he not only losing the papers of his non-paying country subscribers, but having to pay for the privilege into the bargain. Because the roads are so bad that it is impossible to reach many subscribers during the winter; and often when, after much tribulation and many boggings, 'our collector' does succeed in so doing, he is very politely told to 'call again next year.' Because a general apathy pervades the entire district, the people seeming to have made up their minds that to battle with monopoly and class legislation is to engage in a hopeless struggle against might, the consequences being that the farmer leaves his land untilled, the small capitalists cross the Murray River, the larger ones go to Queensland or New Zealand, the shopkeepers take refuge in the Insolvent Court, and the labourer feeds himself, with his family at the public soup-kitchen—they are all too poor to pay for a newspaper, and almost too wretched to read one. Because the proprietor of the *Geelong Chronicle* is of opinion that every newspaper should be thoroughly independent, and that when it ceases to be independent it becomes a public nuisance rather than a public benefit, and the editor becomes a mere puppet in the hands of the proprietor, who pulls the strings, 'cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd,' powerful for evil, powerless for good."

DR. LANKESTER ON THE BANTING SYSTEM.—There is one result of diet that is at the present day exciting a large amount of public interest, and that is the tendency of the adipose tissue to become developed to such an extent as to interfere with freedom of motion and other healthful actions of the system. The tendency to deposit fat is undoubtedly a peculiarity of some individuals of the human race, as well as of whole races of the lower animals. The breeds of sheep, pigs, and oxen that fatten fastest are most valued for the meat market. This property more often depends on a power of consuming large quantities of heat-giving foods than on any other state of the system. It is generally, therefore, a very easy thing to reduce corpulent persons by restraining them in the indulgence of heat-giving foods. Eat no butter at breakfast and no bread at dinner is a recipe which, when scrupulously followed out, I have generally found act favourably on mentioned persons. An intelligent apprehension of the general facts I have mentioned will enable persons of a little energy to reduce themselves when and as much as they please. It is, however, a dangerous practice to attempt to reduce corpulent persons by empirical means. Strong exercise, sweating, vinegar, solution of potash, and abstinence from all kinds of heat-giving food, are alike dangerous, and must sooner or later end in giving food, or some fatal catastrophe. On the subject of reducing corpulence Mr. William Banting has given an instructive and amusing account of his own experience in a letter which he has published. Although not very corpulent, the adipose tissue had collected in those parts of the body which interfered with the circulation, and in the course of a few weeks, by discontinuing a most injudicious and unlimited dietary for one which his medical man had the great judgment to prescribe by weight, he soon lost his fat and the inconveniences that attended its presence. It would, however, be highly injudicious for any person, unless placed under the same circumstances, to follow Mr. Banting's course of diet. The diet he pursued—for everyone who knows anything about diet must hope he is not pursuing it—is objectionable from many points of view. Thus, excepting salmon amongst fish and pork amongst meats is fanciful. Salmon contains less fat than many fish, and lean pork is not so fattening as fat mutton. The exclusion of milk from the diet is also objectionable, as milk conveys, in the most digestible form, nutritive matter to the system. Again, the exclusion of potatoes from the diet is a great mistake, as they contain mineral elements that are not so abundantly supplied from other sources. Why champagne and port are excluded from the wines, whilst sherry and madeira are admitted, would puzzle those who looked at the dietary from its antiputridious point of view. There is no reason in excluding beer in ten or twelve ounces of wine be allowed. Provided a man be not of active habits, a dietary like this might quickly plunge him into one of those states of corpulence are a mere trial.—*Popular Science Review*.

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. JOHN WATKINS, F.R.C.S.

THE bust of Mr. John Watkins, F.R.C.S., an Engraving of which we this week publish, was presented to that gentleman by a large number of patients and friends at a dinner which took place at Radley's Hotel on the 17th instant. Mr. Watkins has been extraordinarily successful in the treatment of rheumatic and neuralgic affections, and is a man of great benevolence. One of his most wonderful cures was that of a wretched cripple, whom some of our older readers may perhaps remember as crawling about the streets on all fours some thirty years ago. His progression was aided by two pieces of wood, something like the backs of scrubbing-brushes. It was upon this miserable object that Mr. Watkins exercised one of his earliest and most successful experiments, bringing him ultimately to the condition of an erect and able-bodied man, whose sole defect was that of a slight "kink" in the spine, discoverable only upon surgical examination.

The bust, which has been sculptured by Mr. William Davis, a young Welsh artist of great promise, is a remarkably clever performance. On the occasion of the presentation of the bust there were about a hundred gentlemen, including several names well known in literature, assembled—Mr. Bassett Smith presiding—who, in his speech in presenting the bust, said that the meeting had been called together to do honour to Mr. Watkins, a gentleman whom he had had the honour of knowing about ten years, and he could testify, and he believed all present could testify, to his extreme excellence of character, to his great skill as a medical man, and (what was not very common in his profession) to his disregard of fees and of personal danger. The same wise Providence who had adorned this world with so many beauties and made it so well worth living in, had also, while giving a desire for life, ordained that occasions of sickness and troubles should attend everyone now and then, and the man who in time of trials and suffering came forward to aid with that humanity, that benevolence, and, before all, with that skill which their friend Mr. Watkins had always shown, was a man worthy of the highest honour. Although not belonging to the medical profession himself, still he had had some experience in it, and he could say that he never yet met with a medical man who was worthy of being put in competition with their friend Mr. Watkins, more particularly with regard to that goodness of heart which he had always manifested and that peculiar skill which he had so extensively made use of. The chairman then proceeded to explain the circumstances which gave rise to the gathering that evening; and on behalf of all who had the pleasure of knowing Mr. Watkins, he begged to tender to him their heartfelt thanks for all he had done for them, and asked him to accept the bust as a token of their gratitude. The chairman then proposed a toast to the health of Mr. Watkins wishing him long life and all the honours he deserved, which was responded to in a most enthusiastic manner.

The bust, which is in marble, and is quite a lifelike representation of Mr. Watkins, was then uncovered amid loud cheers. It bore the following inscription in Latin and English:—

To John Watkins,
The healed to the healer.

Mr. Watkins, who on rising was received with long-continued cheers, in responding to the toast, said the honour they had done him that evening exceeded in kindness anything that had before

BUST OF MR. JOHN WATKINS, F.R.C.S.—(W. DAVIS, SCULPTOR)

been extended towards him, and he should look upon that as the happiest occasion of his life, from which he should take a new standard; and that was, to increase his exertions tenfold if possible. As an humble member of the medical profession, he looked upon himself as one who had simply done his duty; and he could only say that he was fully determined to carry forward the same principles upon which he had hitherto acted, and do his utmost to help the afflicted in their sorrows. The token of kindness and attention which they were pleased to present to him that evening was, he considered, one of the highest honours that possibly any man could look forward to; indeed, it was in itself a thing worth living for

and it was one which would encourage him to carry out the principle which he had adopted, and for which they had so highly honoured him. He begged, therefore, to thank them for this act of their kindness—indeed, he might say their love.

THE GOVERNMENT POWDER-MAGAZINES AT PORTSMOUTH.

THE late fearful catastrophe at Erith having attracted a considerable share of public attention to the subject of the Government powder-magazines, the accompanying Engravings, relating to the storage of powder at Portsmouth, with which we have been favoured by a correspondent will be interesting to our readers.

The first Engraving shows the operation of unloading a powder-cart. The barrels are being carefully uncovered, one by one, and carried into the magazine singly, under the direction of a master-gunner, while an escort of armed artillerymen stand around.

Our next Illustration represents the process of stowing the powder, which is also effected with the greatest caution, the artillerymen working in canvas smocks and trousers and magazine slippers, and the floor being covered with cloths, to avoid the slightest chance of a spark being created by friction.

We also give an Engraving of the magazines at the Gun Wharf, Portsmouth, which were lately mentioned in the *Times* as being unsafe, from their proximity to a boiler. We can state, on good authority, that this assertion of the *Times* correspondent is erroneous. The magazines in question are filled with shell, each shell being (with regard to the safety of the powder it contains) a small magazine in itself. These are carefully packed in boxes, the walls of each building are bombproof, and the magazines themselves, as will be seen by the Engraving, some five-and-thirty or forty yards from the boiler, with three other buildings intervening, so that the inhabitants of Portsmouth need feel little apprehension on the score of their safety so far as these magazines are concerned. We likewise give an Illustration of the interior of an expence magazine for the present use of one of the batteries. The powder-barrels are seen neatly arranged within. At the entrance is a mat, with magazine slippers, which must be used by all who enter. The inner doors are lined with copper, and the passage to them is closed by other doors, which are not shown in the Engraving.

We need scarcely add that every care is taken with regard to the arrangement of this terrible engine of destruction. A visit to any Government magazine will speedily reassure those who entertain fears on the subject, and will, at the same time, be found very interesting.

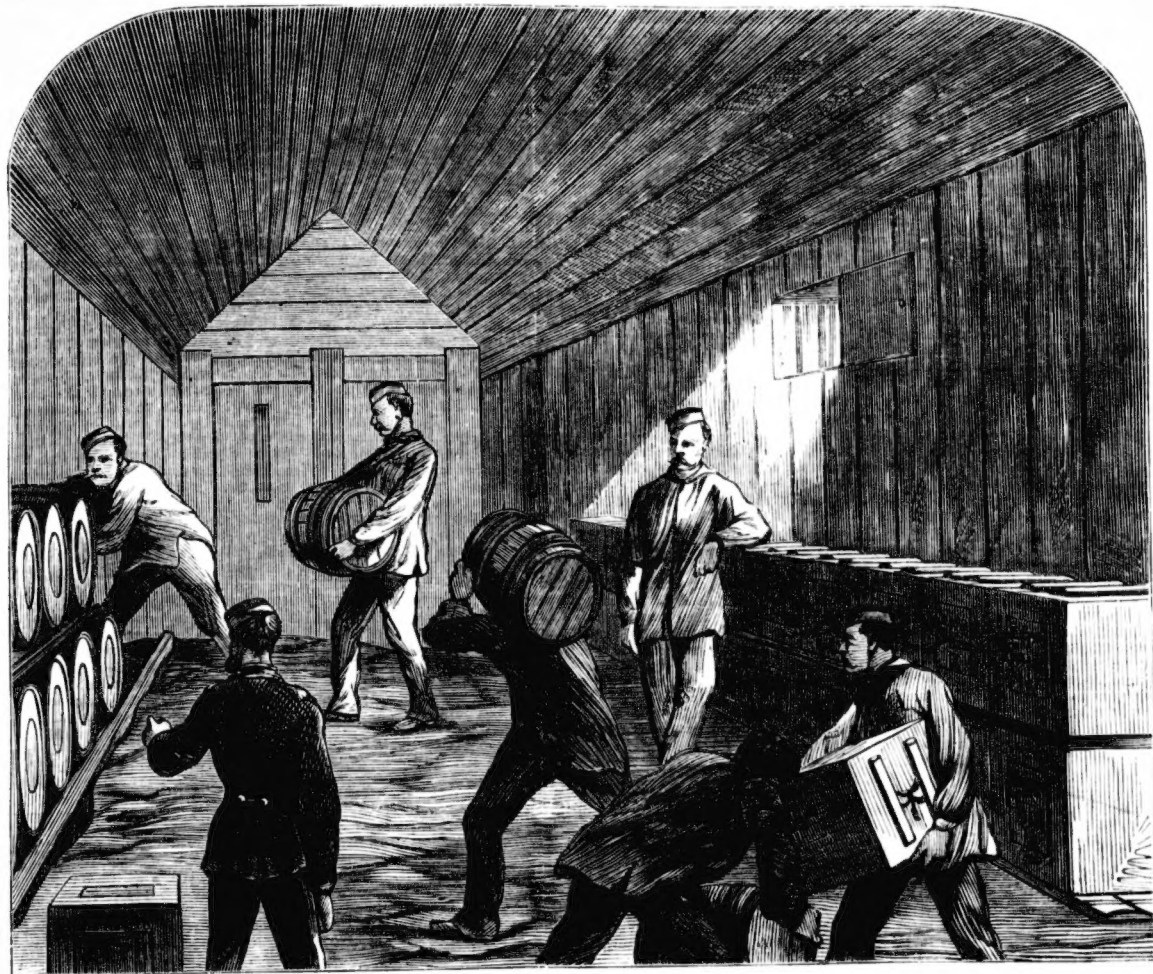
In connection with this subject we may state that the following regulations, to be observed by masters in charge of barges, &c., in the Thames, Medway, and Orwell, and canals adjoining, were last week issued at Woolwich by order of the Naval Director-General of Stores, Captain Caffin, C.B., A.D.C. to her Majesty. They set forth that:—

"Whenever barges or other craft belonging to or engaged by the Military Store Department are employed in conveying gunpowder, ammunition, or other combustible stores, the following rules are to be observed. With regard to fires or lights on board:—

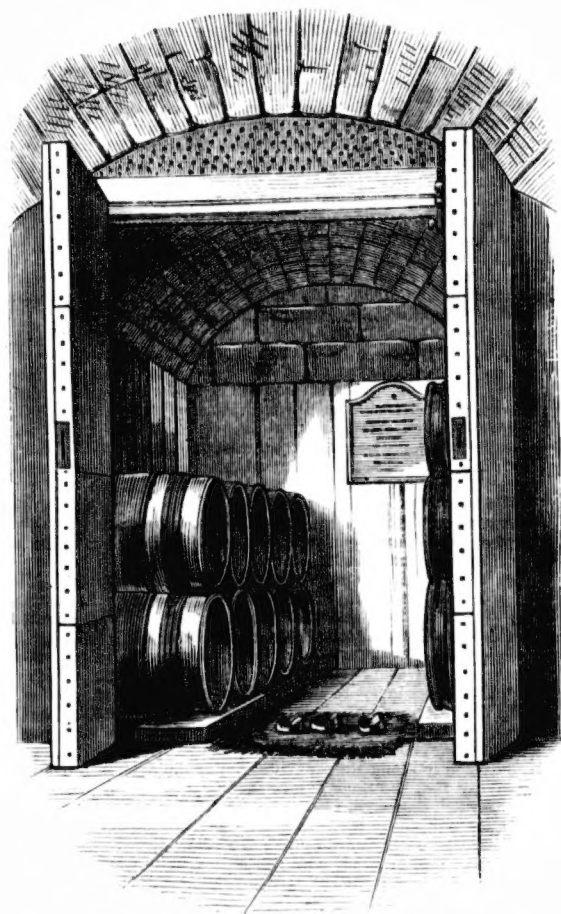
"1. No fires are to be lighted on board any barges or craft conveying gunpowder or other combustible stores to any place in the river Thames within one mile below Gravesend or in either of the canals leading to Aldershot or Weedon; nor between the Nore and



GOVERNMENT POWDER-MAGAZINES AT PORTSMOUTH: UNLOADING A POWDER-CART



STORING THE POWDER IN A GOVERNMENT MAGAZINE.



INTERIOR OF AN EXPENCE MAGAZINE.

Chatham in the river Medway; nor within two miles of the Spit or outer buoy leading to Harwich harbour.

"2. When the barge or other craft is one mile below Gravesend, and not nearer than half a mile of any inhabited place or magazine, fires may be lighted on board for cooking purposes only.

"3. No barque having powder on board is to remain alongside the jetty or wharf of any magazine during the night, nor at any time (day or night) except when actually employed in the operation of embarking or disembarking powder and ammunition, but it is to haul off and anchor at a distance of not less than 900 yards from such jetty or wharf if powder is on board, and if empty of not less than 400 yards.

"4. No barge having powder on board is to be left without a responsible watchman in charge.

"5. With regard to the sailing and riding lights required to be carried according to the Admiralty regulations, the usual tinder-box, &c., will be used for the purpose of striking a light, and under no pretence are lucifer matches to be on board. Smoking on board is most strictly prohibited.

"6. As soon as the barges, &c., have been loaded the hatches are to be carefully covered with tarpaulins and battened down, and are not to be removed or disturbed until the cargo is ready to be discharged.

"7. A powder-flag must be kept flying during the time the combustible stores are on board."

A code of instructions, drawn up for the guidance of the foremen and others employed on board the floating magazines off Woolwich, has likewise been read and signed by every person engaged there, and all persons have been given to understand that the slightest breach of the regulations or any dereliction of their ordinary duties will be punished with instant dismissal. No person is to enter the magazine portion of the ship without changing his shoes for the proper slippers provided for the purpose, and the labourers

employed in working the magazines or removing powder from vessels are not to carry knives or other objectionable articles, and are to wear the dresses to be in future provided for their use. The foremen are to see that the magazines are carefully swept with a hair broom after every day's work, and take care that a proper supply of hides, wadmiltits, and mats is in readiness and use during the removal of powder. The foremen are to be particular in hoisting the "red flag" during the day, and to take care that one of the labourers allowed for the protection of the ship is constantly on deck keeping a look-out, which duty, under the foreman's directions, is to be performed by the labourers alternately. A night watch, consisting of one foreman and two labourers, is to be efficiently kept, one of the latter being always on deck. The foreman will visit the watch every four hours, and the result is to be entered in a book and reported, in the morning, to the military store officer in charge. The pumps are to be sounded at least once a day, and care is to be taken that the fire-engines and appurtenances are kept clean and in perfect working order. No person having the slightest appearance of being intoxicated is to be permitted to enter the ship, nor are any spirituous liquors to be allowed on board. No fires or lights of any kind are to be allowed on board the ship at any time, except those at the masthead during the night. The men on watch are to hail all boats approaching the ship.

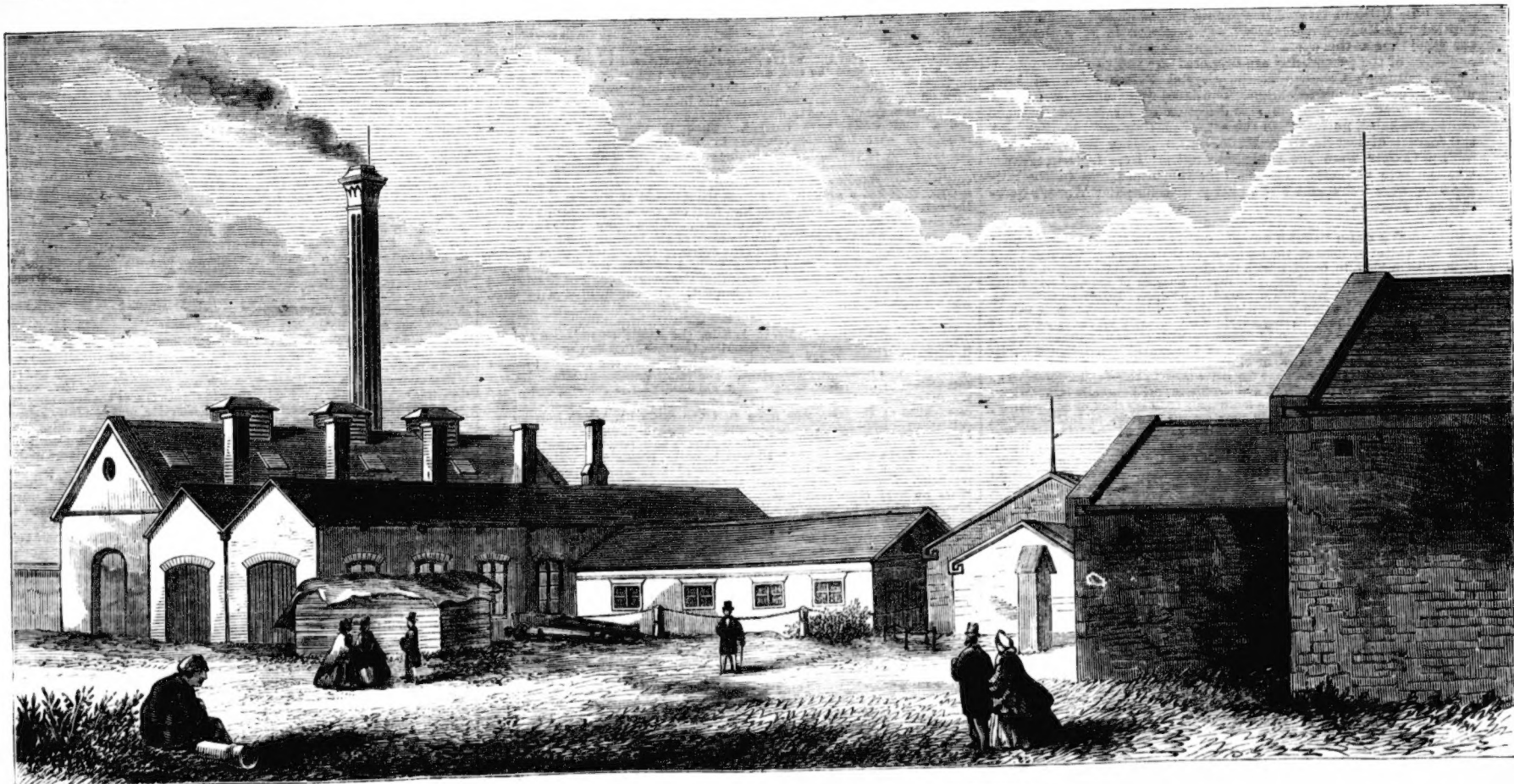
Colonel Boxer, R.A., Superintendent of Royal Laboratories, has been appointed by the Secretaries of State for War and the Home Departments to inspect all magazines on shore and establish uniform regulations for them.

OPERA AND CONCERTS.

ON Monday M^{rs}. Kenneth appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre in the part of Lucia, and produced a more favourable impression

than she had previously done as the heroine in "La Traviata." M^{rs}. Kenneth has been an admirable singer, and, indeed, sings admirably now so far as the artistic part of the matter is concerned. She displays intelligence, good taste, and, above all, great executive skill. All that is wanting is a voice—a most important want in the case of a vocalist, and one for which no amount of artistic acquirements can altogether compensate. In the air of the first act M^{rs}. Kenneth produced very little effect. In the few bars of solo which commence the duet with Ashton in act ii. she sang with much sentiment, and in the mad scene of act iii. her singing was excellent in many respects, and, for the first time in the evening, was vigorously applauded. Nevertheless, M^{rs}. Kenneth has very little voice; and a voice is as essential to a singer as legs are to a dancer.

We lately read in the columns of a contemporary that a male dancer with only one leg was performing somewhere in Germany with great success, and that Mr. Gye had gone to see him with the intention of offering him an engagement. The poor man will, no doubt, be hissed if he make his appearance at the Royal Italian Opera; but that is his affair and Mr. Gye's. In the meanwhile, it is creditable to the one-legged dancer's skill that he should be able to dance at all—highly creditable that he should be able to dance so cleverly as to make it worth Mr. Gye's while to undertake a long journey in order to see him; and it is also to a singer's credit that he or she should be able to sing with only half a voice, or, as more generally happens, with two halves which together do not make a whole voice. We must expect to meet with a certain number of wounded vocalists among the operatic singers of the present day. The one-legged dancer lost his missing limb, we are told, at Solferino. Many of our singers may have lost their missing notes in contests equally severe. If the truth were to be made known, we should, no doubt, hear that such-and-such a tenor first broke down in "Robert le Diable," or that he lost his upper notes



THE GOVERNMENT MAGAZINES AT THE GUN WHARF, PORTSMOUTH.

in "The Prophet," and that such-and-such a soprano, after taking part in a series of Verdi's operas, at last found her voice so injured that no hopes have since been entertained of its recovery. Singers are sacrificed almost as recklessly in modern operas as soldiers are in modern warfare.

If M^{rs}. Kenneth has a good style, but a much-worn voice, Mr. Swift, the Edgardo to M^{rs}. Kenneth's Lucia, has neither the same merits nor the same defects as his *bella alma inadorata*. He has a fine, strong voice, which he is powerless to manage; whereas she has an enfeebled voice, which she could manage perfectly enough, only it is unmanageable, and breaks down in spite of all her efforts to sustain it. A good horse with a bad rider may be expected to go further than a good rider with a bad horse; but his chances are not very much better, and in the meanwhile his progress will not be pleasant to witness, and it will not be astonishing if he meet occasionally with a fall. The most vigorous part of Mr. Swift's performance was his delivery of the curse in the finale of the second act. Mr. Swift curses in tune and with effect, his malediction telling upon the audience almost as much as upon the unhappy Lucia. In the final air he was successful here and there, in some phrases and half phrases, but he sang neither the first nor the second movement so well as, with his natural gifts, he ought to have sung both.

The best singing of the evening was undoubtedly that of Mr. Garcia, in the part of Ashton. Mr. Garcia has a full, flexible voice, very musical in tone, and moderately powerful. He sings with expression, and with a facility which is the natural result of knowledge of the art. As an actor, however, he is over-expressive. His gestures are exaggerated, and on Monday night, in the duet with Lucy in the second act, he "made faces" at her. This seemed to us more than the poor girl deserved.

The orchestra at Her Majesty's Theatre now, as during the Italian season, is under the direction of Signor Arditi; and, thanks to his vigilant and spirited guidance, plays its part in the operas represented to perfection.

At the Royal English Opera, Covent Garden, several débuts of more or less importance have taken place during the last week or two. "Helvellyn" remains the *pièce de résistance*; and many persons, in spite of its undoubted merit, find it irresistibly heavy. Probably the pieces in "Helvellyn," taken one by one, would be approved of by every good judge of music; but the effect of the work altogether is not to enliven the hearer. It is said on all sides that the new opera contains too much recitative, and that it would have been more successful had the dialogue been written throughout for the speaking voice. It seems to us that the recitative is too long simply because the dialogue is too long. As for saying that the English language is unsuited for recitative, that is very much like saying that English is not a vocal language. The recitative written by Meyerbeer for the Italian version of "L'Etoile du Nord" gives undue length to the last act of that opera, and renders it tedious; but it does not follow from this that Meyerbeer ought not to have turned the spoken dialogue of the French original into recitative at all. It appears certain that recitative, however well written and however well sung, will not be tolerated, except in very small doses, by the audiences of the present day. The public may be wrong; but the composer is also wrong if, wishing to please the public, he does not in some degree conform to its taste. There is far less recitative in Donizetti's operas than in those of Rossini, and less in Verdi's than in those of Donizetti; and we believe that it is in the rapidity with which Verdi passes from one piece to another, with only a few bars of recitative intervening, that one of the secrets of his great success is to be found. Composers, singers, libretto-writers, publishers, and all whom it concerns, may also be reminded that there is scarcely any recitative in "Faust," as arranged for the Italian and English stage; and that the success of "Faust" in the English language has certainly not been interfered with by the delivery of a few phrases in recitative which otherwise, to the annoyance of the singers (who find themselves greatly fatigued by having to speak and sing in the same opera) and to the confusion of the audience (who, in spite of themselves, cannot understand the dramatic existence of personages who alternately speak and sing), might have been given in the language and tone of ordinary conversation.

It seems to us, then, very rash to conclude that, because the recitation in "Helvellyn" is plentiful and oppressive, therefore English composers ought to dispense with recitative altogether. Their own good taste, as well as the feeling of the singers on the subject, ought to ensure us against abrupt transitions from speaking to singing in the same work. We must add that "Helvellyn" has been slightly compressed since its first production; but even now the performance lasts very nearly four hours.

Mr. J. L. Hatton's opera, after being announced as "The Deserter," is to be produced, it appears, under the title of "Rose; or, Love's Ransom." The first title was much the best of the two; but it is not too late yet to adopt a third. We are told that the title of "The Deserter" was objected to on the ground that an opera called "Le Déserteur" was written in the eighteenth century by Monsigny! Why not object to the title of "Masaniello" given to the English version of Auber's "Muette de Portici," on the ground that, besides the "Muette de Portici," an opera called "Masaniello" exists in France? Poor Gounod, if he had been writing for the Limited Opera Company, would not have been allowed to call his opera, "Le Médecin malgré lui," by its proper name; for an opera entitled "Le Médecin malgré lui" was produced in Paris almost at the same time as this opera of Monsigny's, about which the English audiences of the present day are supposed to know so much.

"The Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace have, of late, attracted considerable attention. The band is excellent, and, from constant practice under the able direction of Mr. Manns, has acquired the habit, no less than the art, of playing well together. At the concert of last Saturday M^{rs}. Sinico, Signor Bossi, and Mr. Wilbye Cooper were the principal singers. Herr Ludwig Strauss was the solo violinist. The chief instrumental pieces in the programme were Schumann's symphony in B flat, and Weber's overture to "Preciosa."

SMITHFIELD CLUB CATTLE SHOW.—On Saturday last the Agricultural Hall was visited by some of the members of the council of the Smithfield Club, with a view to consult with the directors as to the arrangements for the accommodation of the largely-increased number of animals which the entries of the present year are expected to produce. Notwithstanding the increased space which the Agricultural Hall at Islington affords, it will be taxed to its utmost limits to accommodate comfortably all the specimens of live stock, unless the practice is dispensed with of letting the side spaces under the galleries for the exhibition of the heavier description of implements. Last year about thirty of the cattle classes had to be located in the minor hall, and this year there are forty-five more to be accommodated. The entries in the Devons, Herefords, and Shorthorns are unusually large, whilst the Duke of Richmond will have a more than ordinary show of Southdowns, and will, in all probability, again bear off the honours in that class, the formidable competitor both of the present as well as the late Duke, Mr. Riden, of Hove, near Brighton, not being an exhibitor this year by reason of being one of the stewards of live stock. Lord Walsingham, the late president of the club, has also entered for the Leicestershire breeds, and the competition in these classes is expected to be very keen, some of the most celebrated breeders of those descriptions of sheep having entered. Mr. John Olaydon, the chairman of the Agricultural Hall Company, has entered some pens as well as single specimens in extra stock of the celebrated breed of the late Mr. Jonas Webb. The whole of the animals must be at the hall before ten o'clock on the evening of Saturday, Dec. 3, and the adjudication will be so divided that the judges are expected to make their awards by two o'clock on Monday, the 5th, at which hour the show will be opened to private views to members of the club, to the press, and to the public, at 5s. each person; the general or public opening taking place at eight o'clock on Tuesday, the 6th, and continuing daily till the evening of Friday, the 9th, when it will finally close.

THE PLAISTOW MURDER.—The Coroner's Inquest on the Plaistow murder was resumed on Wednesday, when, for the first time, the prisoner Kohl was brought before the jury. He was defended by a solicitor, and the evidence of the witnesses previously taken was read over to him. Dr. Letheby gave in a report of some chemical analyses he had made of spots on the prisoner's clothes and on the hatchet, showing that there were upon them traces of blood, of human hair, and of threads that appeared to have come from the neckerchief the murdered man was wearing. The Coroner then summed up, and the jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder" against the prisoner. He was committed for trial on the Coroner's warrant.

SCOTLAND.

THE YELVERTON CASE.—Major Yelverton's petition to apply the judgment of the House of Lords was in the "single bill" of the first division of the Court of Session last week, and was remitted to the summer roll. On Monday a note was boxed for Mrs. Theresa Longworth, or Yelverton, craving leave to put in a condescence *res noviter* to the effect that Major Yelverton had repeatedly admitted the Scotch marriage to his brother Frederick Yelverton, now deceased, and, in particular, had talked with him during his last illness in the presence and hearing of Sarah Mullins, his nurse, in terms implying an acknowledgment of said marriage. Mrs. Yelverton's action against the *Saturday Review* is also set down for hearing before the Scottish courts.

THE PROVINCES.

A NARROW ESCAPE.—A strange story is reported from Liverpool. Some sailors recently paid off from a ship, with abundance of money in their pockets and more liquor than was good for them, proceeded on Monday afternoon, by the London and North-Western Railway, from Euston-square to Liverpool. They were all in a second-class carriage, and other passengers were in the carriage with them. When a little beyond Rugby one of the sailors disappeared from the carriage. The statement of his companions was that, being drunk, he got up from his seat, pushed the door open, and fell out. Others said that he was robbed by his companions and pushed out. His companions were taken into custody. Great but fruitless exertions were made all night to find the body; but in the mean time the drunken sailor, who had escaped unhurt, had a good sleep behind a hedge, and then walked to the nearest station, whence he was forwarded to Liverpool.

MURDER IN KENT.—Two navvies, named Staples and Turner, are in custody charged with the murder of a man named Fisher, at Orpington, Kent. The three men had been drinking together at a public-house. On leaving they quarrelled, but were separated by a policeman, who advised Fisher to go home. He took the advice, and was going home, when the other two men followed him. When the policeman came up to them again he found the deceased insensible on the ground, bleeding from the head, and being dragged about by the two men. Fisher afterwards died.

A WINDFALL.—It is stated that a station-master, keeping one of the pretty stations of the North-Eastern, Malton, and Driffield Branch Railway, has suddenly found himself in possession of moneys to the tune of £15,000 to £20,000. It appears that a wealthy old gentleman, lately resident in the West Riding, had bequeathed the great bulk of his property to various charitable institutions, but that, a few months ago, he was induced to make inquiries for some poor relatives on the Driffield Railway—a mother and son (the station-master)—and a meeting took place at Malton which resulted in a friendly alliance and many acts of kindness towards the poorer branch from the wealthy one. On the death of the old gentleman the promises made did not appear to have been carried out, except a bequest of £1000 to the mother. The son, however, placed the matter in legal hands; and it appears that the residue of the estate not left by will is the amount stated above, which the mother takes as heir-at-law and hands over to her son. There is also some doubt expressed as to the validity of the will, and this point, which involves the disposition of the whole property, is shortly to come before the law courts. It is stated that a legacy of £5000 was left to one gentleman (a friend), who, on hearing of the existence of poor relations of the testator, refused to receive it.

LIFE-BOAT DEMONSTRATION AT MANCHESTER.—The Bridlington life-boat, on its way to its station, was publicly exhibited on Tuesday at Manchester. Immense multitudes of people turned out to witness the interesting exhibition. The life-boat was mounted on its own transporting-carriage, and was drawn through the principal streets by a fine team of horses, gaily decorated, and preceded by a band of music. The life-boat is called "The Robert Whitworth," and is to be stationed at Bridlington, near Hull, to replace a very old boat at that place. The cost of the new boat and of three others had been collected by Robert Whitworth, Esq., of Manchester, amongst his fellow-citizens and friends. The first of the four boats is stationed at Berwick-on-Tweed, and is named, with the special permission of the Prince of Wales, "The Albert, Victor," after the infant Prince; the second boat is placed on the shores of Carnarthen Bay, and is named "The City of Manchester"; and the third boat is stationed at Cardigan, and is called "The John Stuart," after a generous supporter of Mr. Whitworth's benevolent exertions, to whom he gave a liberal contribution in aid of the cost of the four life-boats. These four life-boat establishments will long remain monuments of the philanthropy and assiduity of Mr. Whitworth and other friends of the life-boat cause at Manchester.

RAILROAD CATASTROPHE IN AMERICA.

ONE of the most frightful accidents in the annals of railway travel occurred on the Lafayette and Indianapolis road, Indiana, on the afternoon of Oct. 31. The regular Cincinnati express collided with a cattle-train on a curve about seven miles from Lafayette city. The passenger-train was twenty minutes behind, but, waiting the requisite time at Stockwell, obtained the undoubted right to the road, and was moving at rapid speed, when, on turning the curve beyond Culver's station, the cattle-train was observed, but too late to avert a collision. Both trains were heavily laden—one with seven coaches and 508 souls, and the other with nine freight-cars, filled with Government cattle. The engineer of the cattle-train had observed the smoke of the passenger-engine just beyond the curve, and, reversing his engine, had partially checked the speed of the train before the dread collision. He stood at his post, until the trains were but a few rods apart, when he jumped for his life, and, with the fireman and brakeman, escaped unhurt. The engineer of the express, having, as he thought, an undoubted right to the road, was unsuspecting of danger on the curve, and did not see the other train until too late to materially check the speed of his own train, much less avert the disaster. He had barely time to reverse his engine and jump for his life when the massive locomotives and all their precious freight of human life came into collision with a loud crash and a power which shook the earth. Head-lights, cowcatchers, and all the lighter works were crushed like tinder, and the massive iron boilers received the full force of the collision. All was over in the twinkling of an eye, and in less time than it takes to read this paragraph twenty-seven souls were swept into eternity. Next to the engine was the baggage-car belonging to the Lafayette and Indianapolis Railroad. Next was a first-class coach belonging to the Michigan Central road, and this was the fatal car in which death held high carnival. The baggage-car was about 15 ft. narrower than the passenger-coach, and a little higher on the trucks, and the force of the concussion drove it like the smaller section of a spyglass into and through the passenger-coach immediately behind. The baggage-car remained intact, and came crashing through the coach, sweeping off the top, but leaving the sides of the car unbroken. Like a monster battering-ram, it swept everything before it, and scarcely a single passenger in the forward part escaped instantaneous death. As it entered the coach it jumped the forward trucks, upon which it rested, and the end, dropping about twelve inches for want of support, gave the baggage-car an angle of about thirty degrees. And to this simple fact the escaped passengers of the ill-fated coach owe their lives. Had the baggage-car gone through on the same line upon which it entered not a soul could have escaped. Thus it was that the forward passengers were instantly crushed to death. A little further back the elevation of the car brought in line with the tops of the seats, and here it was that heads were crushed like eggshells. A little further, and those only who were standing were struck down, while but a step beyond passengers escaped with but a scratch, save from the splinters of the wreck. Within the compass of a few feet inside that fatal car was compressed the bruised and bleeding bodies of the dead, the maimed, and the dying. The red velvet cushions had a deeper dye from the lifeblood of the victims, and the removal of the bodies, living and dead, from the debris of the car was full of horror. A number of the dead were so tightly wedged between the bottom of the baggage-car and the passenger-coach that the baggage-car had to be raised by jackscrews before they could be taken out. The car dripped with blood like a slaughter-pen.

GENERAL McCLELLAN.—Mr. G. A. Sala, the special commissioner of the *Daily Telegraph* in America, thus describes General McClellan as he saw him in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, the day before the election:—"Our interview was necessarily very short. The small parlour in which he was surrounded by his friends was almost as crowded as the drawing-room, and notwithstanding the scrupulous sifting process of a volunteer master of the ceremonies at the door, who flung half the cards handed to him by the policeman outside into a waste-paper basket with a 'Don't know him!' or 'He can't come in!' the circle of the General's admirers was growing every moment more anaconda-like. He was, however, exceedingly polite to me; and I could not but be favourably impressed both with his person and demeanour. General George Brinton McClellan is very slight in stature, and bears no very close resemblance to the many photographs published of him, in which, by some eccentricity of the solar lumier, he is represented as dark almost to swarthy both in face and hair, and with a heavy, sluggish expression of countenance. His skin seemed to me almost as fair as that of a woman, his hair just brown, and his moustache quite light. In fact, he is a warm blonde—not quite tawny, and decidedly not caroty, but what in French is termed *un châtain roux*. His eyes are full of quiet, thoughtful, and amiable earnestness. There is no very great intellectual development in his forehead, but the massive modelling of his jaw seems to indicate a tenacity of will which may perhaps amount to obstinacy. This feature is, however, entirely devoid of anything of a sensual or brutal kind. He gave me, altogether, the impression of a thoroughly honest and amiable man, not very brilliant, but still very reflective; not very powerful, but still very self-reliant; not, certainly, that which Mr. Artemus Ward calls an 'ornary cuss,' but still not an Agamemnon or a Ulysses, king of men. His manners are full of grace and repose, and his voice singularly gentle in its intonations. I hope that I shall not offend anyone by saying that, although, in the prominent position he occupies, he is necessarily the cynosure of a great many eyes, he would be, had we not a special call to study his looks and language, simply a well-bred, courteous, and not extraordinary-looking gentleman, such as we may meet by the thousand every day and pass in a crowd unnoticed."

MILITARY MURDERS IN AMERICA.

THE *St. Louis Republican* contains an account of the shooting of six Confederate soldiers at St. Louis, by order of the Federal General commanding, in retaliation for the killing of a Major White and six comrades by guerrillas. The names of the victims were Nichols, Minnikin, Ladd, Gates, Blackburn, and Bunch. When the prisoners arrived on the ground they were marched to the places fixed for the execution, these being six upright pine posts set in the ground, with square, hard seats attached for each man to sit upon. They took their places upon their seats, each with comparative calmness, and nearly all with appearances of resignation to the dreadful fate that stared at them so immediately. But little emotion was displayed by any of the six, except Nichols and Minnikin; the latter commenced prayerful ejaculations in a subdued tone of voice soon after being seated, which he kept up until the bandage was tied over his eyes; after that his only remark was, "Boys, when you shoot me, kill me dead." Nichols made no remarks, but kept weeping from the time of taking his seat until the bandage was placed over his eyes. Ladd and Bunch exhibited some slight evidences of dejection, but not a word escaped them during the whole scene. Blackburn sat still and stolid upon his seat, and throughout there was as imperturbable a statue. No muscle of his face quivered—there was no wildness in his eye, not a movement that denoted the slightest uneasiness in his manner. Gates, who was only twenty-one years of age and perfectly beardless, at first manifested a most singular indifference. He had the manner of a young man just the least embarrassed upon the introduction to strangers; yet, withal, there was no fear in the expression of his features, but rather a manifestation of self-confidence, as one who had a great and dangerous duty to perform, and who felt himself equal to it. Towards the end he began to manifest emotion, and, speaking to one of the attending physicians who was standing near, asked, "Don't you think there is any hope that it will be postponed?" and, on being answered in the negative, moaned occasionally, and at intervals made use of the following expressions:—"O Lord, have mercy upon me!" "Oh! to think of the news that is to go to my father and mother!" "Well, I ain't the first, and I don't reckon I'll be the last." "Lord have mercy upon me!" "To be tied to a stake and shot; I tell you it's awful." After he had been tied to the stake and Chaplain McKim had prayed with him, he said to the guard, "Boys, I hope, if any of you are ever shot, you won't be shot as innocent as I am." Chaplain McKim having said prayers with each prisoner and bidden them "Good-by!" Colonel Heinrichs read the order of execution, after which he informed the prisoners that if they desired to say anything they could have an opportunity. There was no response except from Minnikin, who said, "I would like to say a few words." He then, with firm and distinct voice and rapid utterance, said, "Soldiers, and all who hear me, take warning! I have been a Confederate soldier for four years, and, as such, have served my country faithfully. And I am taken out now and shot for what men have done that I know nothing about, and for what I had nothing to do with. I never was a guerrilla, and I am very sorry that I have to be shot for the acts of men that I had nothing to do with, and for what I am not guilty of. If I had taken any of you soldiers prisoners, I would have treated you as such. I never would have had you shot. I never would hurt anybody. I hope God may take me to His bosom after I am dead. O Lord, be with me!" Each prisoner's eyes were then bandaged. When the sergeant approached Minnikin to put the bandage on his eyes, the prisoner said, "Sergeant, I don't blame you, I hope I'll meet you in another world; I hope I'll meet you all in heaven. O Lord, have mercy on my poor soul!" Bunch and Blackburn still remained silent and almost motionless. Minnikin said, "Lord, have mercy on my poor sinful soul!" Gates said, "John Nichols, we are going to die. Farewell!" Minnikin replied, "Farewell; we will meet in a better world." Gates responded, "Farewell to all the boys!" Nothing further was said, and the command to make ready was given. There was a momentary suspense, and then a further command, "One, two, fire!" and the entire volley was discharged almost as one gun. Instantly the blood spouted from the breast of each prisoner, and, quivering for a moment, their heads fell upon their shoulders, and their bodies lurched to one side, and fell as near to the ground as they could with their arms pinioned to the stakes. In this position the blood streamed from their wounds, which were nearly all in the breast, and in one or two places formed little pools upon the ground. The attending physicians examined the bodies as soon as the firing ceased, and found no signs of life in any except Blackburn. In five minutes from the time the volley was discharged they were all dead. Gates, after he was shot, uttered the exclamation "Oh!" and Blackburn cried out, "Kill me quick;" but in an instant later they were evidently insensible.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN TUSCANY.—It is well known that capital punishment has long been abolished in Tuscany. But it becomes necessary that the laws of Tuscany shall be assimilated to those of the other Italian provinces; and it has therefore for some time been a question how to deal with capital punishment. Is all Italy to abolish it, or is Tuscany to be obliged to re-enact it? The Municipal Council of Florence have resolved to do their best towards the former object, and have accordingly prepared a petition to the Italian Parliament calling for the abolition of the punishment of death throughout the whole peninsula.

RELIEVING GUARD.—The correspondent of the *New York Times* with the army of the Potomac writes:—"Last night the silence and seeming indifference of the pickets was most unexpectedly broken, and an extraordinary episode occurred. About ten p.m., as the pickets on the left of General Hancock's lines, in front of Petersburg, were preparing for the relief usually expected at that hour, a body of rebel infantry came in on the flank, where a ravine offered an unusual opportunity, and coolly and quietly passed along our picket posts, taking off as they went each man, and telling them 'to fall in,' taking, in this manner, some 250 prisoners. They would have gone on with the game and gobbled up a portion of General Warren's line also, and it might have proved quite a disaster to the maintenance of our lines, but for one of our men discovering the *ruse*, and escaping and giving the alarm. It appears that some of our men had deserted from our lines to the enemy, and added to their crime by giving full and accurate information regarding the strength of our picket line, and the time of their relief."

DEATH OF GENERAL DELLA ROVERE, LATE ITALIAN MINISTER FOR WAR.—During the sitting of the Italian Parliament, on the 18th inst., in a pause of the proceedings, the President announced the death, as having occurred only a few minutes before, of General Alexander della Rovere, Minister of War in the last Cabinet. It caused very great regret, the lamented officer having been much esteemed for his excellent qualities. General della Rovere manifested much emotion on learning the loss of an old friend and comrade. The family of Della Rovere is of great antiquity, and traces itself back to ancestors who won laurels in the crusades. The deceased marquis was born in 1815, was brought up at the Turin Military Academy, served in the campaigns of 1848-9, was Intendant-General of the Sardinian corps which won so much credit by its excellent conduct in the Crimea, served in Lombardy in 1859, was promoted to the rank of Major-General in that year, and was appointed, in April, 1861, the King's Lieutenant in the Sicilian provinces. On Cavour's death he became Minister of War in the Cabinet formed by Baron Ricasoli, was made Senator of the Kingdom when that Ministry went out, and was again Minister of War in the Farini and in the Minghetti Cabinets. He was Grand Officer of the Military Order of Savoy, and of that of the St. Maurice and Lazarus, Knight of the Bath, and Knight Commander of the Legion of Honour. He was a man of cultivated mind and of firm and upright character; and that he was beloved by his comrades is shown by the fact that more than one General who sits in the Chamber of Deputies was seen to shed tears when surprised by the sudden and most unexpected announcement of his death.

HAILESTORM AT RIO JANEIRO.—On the evening of the 10th of October Rio Janeiro was visited by a hurricane and thunderstorm of extraordinary violence. A correspondent, in his description, states that he had hitherto looked upon accounts of hailstones of the size of hens' eggs as myths, but on this occasion he saw and handled enough of them to banish his incredulity in this respect for ever. Every window in the city which faced the south-west was destroyed, the panes of glass being taken out cleanly, as if the work had been done by the hand of an experienced glazier. Trees were uprooted, and even houses were blown down, but the worst of all that happened was the fearful loss of life in the bay. Three officers (non-commissioned) of H.M.S. Egmont were the first victims. Their boat was caught in the squall and capsized immediately. The greatest exertions were made by the officers and crew of a Brazilian corvette, the Bahians, which was anchored near the scene of the disaster, but they only arrived in time to secure one of the drowning officers, who was taken still alive on board of the corvette, and carefully attended to by the doctor on board and also by the surgeon of his own ship, but all in vain. Admiral Elliot and his wife were returning from the Gloria in their launch with a boat's crew of eighteen sailors, and were also placed in the most imminent danger. They could not approach their vessel (the Bombay), but were fortunately driven along-side of a French merchant-ship which had just entered the harbour, which received them all on board. The launch, which was full of water and hailstones, went to the bottom as soon as the last man left it. The commander of the Bombay and his boat's crew, who were also returning from the shore, had, if possible, a still more narrow escape. Their boat was upset about half a mile from the fort, and they saved themselves by clinging to its bottom till assistance was rendered them. Sergeant Apollinario Joaquim de Almeida and a brave boat's crew, from the fort, succeeded in rescuing them and took them to the fort, where every kind attention was afforded them. In all, nine merchant-vessels were capsized at their anchorage, and many lives were lost. The captain of the English barque Leighton and his wife had a very narrow escape, being in the cabin of the vessel at the time. Their son, however, a fine lad of twelve years of age, and some of the sailors perished. The damage done to merchandise, in stores and in the custom-house, is immense. The gas company estimate at 20,000 the number of panes required to mend their lamps alone. The windows of the correspondent's own room were blown in, sa-hes and all; and, on returning to it after the violence of the storm abated, he found the entire floor covered with hailstones to the depth of two inches, many of the stones and pieces of rough ice being larger than hen's eggs, as he had before said. This terrible storm lasted about fifteen minutes; and the damage which it has done is estimated at 5,000,000rs., or about £500,000. It does not seem to have extended beyond the city and its suburbs. The barometer gave no indication of the approach of the tempest.

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the parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, in the County of Middlesex, by
THOMAS FOX, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY
NOVEMBER 26, 1864.